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## LITERATURE.

*A History of Elizabethan Literature.* By George Saintsbury. (Macmillan.)

MR. SAINTSBURY is one of the most catholic, as he is among the most refined, of living English critics. It would be hard to name anyone of equal eminence who in the same degree may be said to combine the divergent critical standpoints represented by Mr. Swinburne and by Mr. Courthope. His style, indeed, is as far as possible from emulating Mr. Swinburne's stormily splendid prose; but its familiar and conversational ease conceals an instinctive sense for poetry not less exquisite and not less sure than his, while, on the other hand, his sympathy with the wayward audacities of romantic genius does not prevent his doing equally effective justice (by example as well as by precept) to the precision, point, and lucidity of the poets of Queen Anne. This range of perception is certainly in part due to his scarcely rivalled familiarity with two great literatures, one of which has its peculiar glory in poetry, the other in prose. His taste in poetry is thoroughly English; his taste in prose is as distinctly French; and no one has insisted more strenuously on the radical difference of these literary forms, or bestowed more vigorous anathemas on such as irreligiously tamper with the dividing *termini*. Nor could anyone who combined less signally these two modes of critical insight have executed with the same brilliant success the *Short History of French Literature* which is in everyone's hands, and the remarkable volume before us.

At the same time, there are certain directions in which Mr. Saintsbury's critical standpoint has always seemed to us defective. As we have begun by mentioning names, we may define these roughly as the direction of Mr. Arnold, and the direction of M. Taine. Of the famous "criticism of life" formula, he offers an emendation, of which we can only say here that it seems to ignore the individual and original element in the highest poetic expression which Mr. Arnold's formula seized upon and exaggerated. And it is precisely this individual, or, in the largest sense, critical, element in poetry, to which Mr. Saintsbury, in our view, does not give its due place. Felicitous expression may redeem it, no doubt; but still it requires redemption, and is liable (in his own phrase) to have "marks taken off," or at least rather grudgingly allowed, where it is prominent. The thought which strives in solitary effort to interpret "this unintelligible world" counts for much less at his tribunal than that which merely gives utterance with the easy felicity of genius to its common and familiar matter, its simple joys and sorrows, and leaves its

unintelligibility to whomsoever it may concern. He has a tenderness for the cavalier poet, whose exquisite song wanders idly up and down the gamut of a somewhat unspiritual passion, seeking no outlet, and who is too "reverent" to ask momentous questions. It may be that the disposition to ask such questions in verse has begotten a good deal of prose in the wrong place, just as the disposition to express passion in that way has produced verse with nothing but passion to recommend it. Neither is poetry in itself; but both are elements of poetry. For the so-called "didactic poet," who torments a sermon into blank verse, we have nothing to say; but the just condemnation of platitudes in rhythm sometimes allies itself with an impatience by no means just of all poetry which expresses anything more universal than personal emotion. We do not assert that Mr. Saintsbury betrays this impatience; but we think that it has impaired in some degree, where such poetry is concerned, his accustomed delicate sympathy.

We should hardly have dwelt upon this characteristic (as we regard it) of Mr. Saintsbury's criticism of the poets were it not that it throws a certain light upon a second characteristic, which no reader can overlook. Certainly, what is called with a shade of irony aesthetic criticism has no more uncompromising living advocate; and he displays all the gifts and graces proper to his method in a profusion which must have tempted many a pagan suckled in the "product of the circumstances" creed to mutter his "Almost thou persuadest me." For the "scientific" treatment of poetry Mr. Saintsbury's scorn is as undisguised as for the poetry which praises science. His book is as unlike M. Taine's as the work of two men equally competent and dealing with the same subject can well be. The luminous, if inevitably one-sided, sketches of manners by which M. Taine attempts to exhibit the "circumstances" in the very act of evolving their "product" altogether fall away, and with them that "typical" method of describing literature which in his hands is so charming and so perilous. Mr. Saintsbury's formula is rather "the wind bloweth where it listeth"—a formula the reverse, no doubt, of final, but which has the advantage, from the scholarly point of view, of compelling the most patient and indefatigable search through all the by-ways of literature for the signs of that wandering and incalculable inspiration. While M. Taine's book accordingly is a gallery of judiciously chosen and highly elaborated portraits, Mr. Saintsbury's is a vast fresco crowded with heads, of which few are completely finished, while hardly one, though it were only a Nabbes or a Davies of Hereford, lacks its vivid and individualising touch. Nevertheless, while M. Taine's book is a somewhat premature, and therefore crude, application of his method, and Mr. Saintsbury's a singularly ripe example of his, we hold that it is the former which shows us the more excellent way. Fully to "know the causes of things" may be as much beyond our power in the history of literature as in other history; but it remains the business of the literary historian to keep aiming in the direction of this impossible mark. To bring intelligible order

into the chaos of facts is the ideal which, though never reached, continually regulates his action; and the moment when he cries "All is flux" is the moment of his intellectual suicide. With the literary critic, no doubt, the case is different. Where the ultimate problem is to find an adequate answer in every case for the question, "Is this book good or bad?" literary history becomes, on any theory, a merely ancillary study, and even that rather as a storehouse of examples for comparison than as a body of continuous and related facts. Mr. Saintsbury is decidedly a critic first and a historian afterwards. His book, though remarkable from every point of view, is more remarkable as a kind of class-list of Elizabethan literature than as a scientific account of its growth. From cover to cover it is full of accomplishment; but its narrative is rather less accomplished than its criticism. Now and then the mask of the historian is thrown off altogether, and the reviewer emerges undisguised. Such a passage is that in which Mr. Saintsbury achieves the feat of saying in half a dozen pages a good thing of each of Beaumont and Fletcher's fifty odd plays. Admirable as this is, it is, essentially, not a history of Beaumont and Fletcher's dramatic work, but a review of "The Dramatic Works of Beaumont and Fletcher, in 10 vols., octavo, London"; cavillers being somewhat peremptorily warned off at the outset by an intimation that "the received collection has quite sufficient idiosyncrasy of its own as a whole to make it superfluous for any one, except as a matter of amusement, to try to split it up." Surely this agnosticism is a little overdone, and will be accepted by the general reader as a guarantee, *foi de Saintsbury*, that he may safely neglect, as nature prompts him, the most competent attempt to bring order into the wilderness. We shall not insist on the perhaps premature but not wholly futile labours of Messrs. Fleay, Rolfe, and Macaulay; for the writer of a book intended to be a storehouse of facts and of first-hand criticism upon them, necessarily passes lightly over all individual convictions other than his own. But there are enough definite and undisputed data to supply at least the elements of a chronological arrangement. Apart from the year of licensing or of printing, which Mr. Saintsbury properly refuses to accept as a criterion of the date of composition, we know the years in which a large proportion were first acted; and the death of Burbadge enables us to lay down with certainty a group composed earlier, and with probability a group composed later, than 1619. A third group is fixed (like "Wit without Money," 1614) by unmistakable allusions; a fourth (like "The Spanish Curate," 1622-1625) by undoubted sources.

There is one place, indeed, in which Mr. Saintsbury's indifference to the arts of exegesis betrays him into something like injustice. We were under the impression that our debt to German criticism of Shakspeare was acknowledged. Mr. Saintsbury indignantly repudiates it, and expresses his wonder that it should ever have been charged to our account. After referring to Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Johnson, and Coleridge, he concludes that

"it must be a curious reckoning which, in the

face of such a catena as this, . . . maintains that England wanted Germans to teach her how to admire the writer whom Germans have done more to mystify and distort than even his own countrymen."

We do not think that Mr. Saintsbury's instances, though doubtless the best that were to be had, by any means prove his case. In which of the six shall we find any profound appreciation of Shakspeare? In Milton, who loved him, but, if we may judge from his own practice, in spite of his method? In Dryden, who "improved" "The Tempest" and "Antony and Cleopatra," and called his later works his "Dotages"? In Pope, who excuses his buffooneries and his unnatural situations, since he "had no other aim in his writings than to procure a subsistence"? In Johnson, who at least understood Shakspeare far less well than his contemporary Lessing? In two of them perhaps alone: Ben Jonson, his contemporary and friend; and Coleridge, who, if he is "the acknowledged founder of modern appreciation," obtained no small part of his qualifications from Lessing and Jean Paul, to say nothing of Schlegel. The rather petulant assertion that in Dryden's time no German had yet "written tolerable literature" we simply pass by.

It is fortunate that the period of the literature which it has fallen to Mr. Saintsbury to treat is one in which his admirable qualities have full play, while what we venture to consider the defects of his method are comparatively unobtrusive. For the historian of the wonderful century from 1550 to 1660 the eye and ear for poetry is the first requisite, and the second, and the third; while, putting Bacon and Hobbes apart, the purely stylistic estimate of philosophy habitual with Mr. Saintsbury does relatively little damage. The subject is lucidly arranged in twelve compact chapters, which are devoted, in nearly equal proportions, though without any show of formal distribution, to the writers of drama, lyric verse, and prose. Every one who has tried knows how hard it is to group the literature of a fervid and versatile age in such a way as to emphasise distinctions of style without obliterating or obscuring personality, the development of special branches without losing sight of the movement of the entire mass. Mr. Saintsbury's scheme compounds very happily among these various claimants, and only now and then leads to such slight apparent anomalies as that by which the Marprelate pamphleteers are classed as "later," and Hooker's crushing reply to them as "early" Elizabethan prose.

Special interest will be felt by scholars in the chapters in which the mass of literature made accessible by the abundant editing of recent years is brought, in many cases for the first time, under the review of a criticism at once competent and disinterested. The forgotten romances and pamphlets, the dramas, the songs and sonnet-cycles, of Elizabeth and James's time, which may now be read by all in the small type of one editor, or between the ample margins of another, owe the renewal of their youth to others; and Mr. Saintsbury pays at the very outset a warm and well-merited tribute to the single-handed labours of Prof. Arber. But the work of giving a connected account of

this vast material, uncoloured by the eidolon of happy discovery or of specific research, has been reserved for himself. In the first group, we only refer to the concise yet full account of Greene's romances, and to the narrative of the Marprelate controversy, told in a style the easy urbanity of which happily sets off the ferocious humours of Martin, without disguising the conviction, in which we entirely agree, that he had no case.

The serious meeting-place of critics, however, is naturally to be sought elsewhere. Mr. Saintsbury is of those who, with whatever deductions in detail, hardly know how to speak highly enough of the Elizabethan drama as a whole. The pages on Shakspeare, few as they necessarily are, are among the finest that he has written, so fine that one willingly condones the profound disdain for theories which has allowed him to occupy them exclusively with that in Shakspeare which precedes all theory, and to which all theory must return. Of Shakspeare's fellows, too, Mr. Saintsbury's view tends decidedly, on the whole, to confirm the enthusiast in his enthusiasm, and to give the disparager pause. He fully accepts the remarkable rehabilitation of Middleton, and in a less degree of Dekker; and, while rejecting the claim of Ford to belong to the first rank of poets, he pleads for a higher recognition of Massinger. In the case of Tourneur alone does Mr. Saintsbury, as he says, "come a long way behind Mr. Swinburne" in his admiration of our dramatists. Such differences of opinion commonly resolve themselves into some form of the old critical dispute for precedence between purple patches and continuous homespun, a dispute in which, among critics of the Elizabethan drama, the purple patches have on the whole had decidedly the best of it. Mr. Saintsbury cannot be accused of disparaging them, but it is characteristic of his point of view in criticism that he is not of those whose motto is "In poetry the unsurpassable—or nothing"; and that, while Massinger's massive and sustained merit conciliates him, he cannot condone the riotous incoherence which enwraps the sublimities of Tourneur. We incline to think, on the other hand, that Dekker owes his elevation to a somewhat too unqualified regard for a few admirable fragments in his very motley garb, his charming songs, things in which those happy moments that fall alike on the journeyman of literature and on the great artist availed to produce a result more perfect than any sustained work that issued, or could issue, from an imagination so crude and so ill-organised as his.

Of the chapters which deal with lyrics, we must pass over all but the last, and of the last all but the concluding pages, which contain Mr. Saintsbury's "Apology for the Caroline Poets." It is a striking piece of criticism, which appears to us perfectly sound so far as it deprecates the disposition to treat as literary decay whatever succeeds literary maturity. It is less easy to accept his generous estimate of their position in universal literature, on the ground both of their admitted exquisiteness of form, and of the fact that their frank animal affection is accompanied by the "fine rapture, the passing but transforming madness which brings merely physical passion *sub specie aeternitatis*." Now we can read "the most audacious expres-

sion of this style," Carew's "The Rapture," with admiration for the imaginative force which can find a poetical and moving symbol for every detail of actions otherwise indescribable. But when all is said, the brute accent is perceptible from beginning to end; and the poetry with all its earthy splendour is, in our view, divided by a perfectly distinct line from that, for instance, of the marriage-scene in the "Revolt of Islam," where passion is, indeed, "transformed and eternised" in rapture. Carew's type is rather Propertius. Obviously, to "blend physical passion with metaphysical," and to express the one by aid of a brilliant symbolism borrowed from the other, are two quite distinct things; and we think the latter a more nearly just account of Carew's poem than the former. The whole "apology" seems to suggest that between the love of "ceraphim" and that of "cattle," the only alternative available for high poetry is that which, while distinct from physical passion, yet readily and instinctively "blends" with it. The poet of the *Vita Nuova* thought otherwise of love; and, to our mind, all the "raptures" of the Caroline singers, full of genius and dainty incalculable charm as they are, fall a long way short, as poetry, of his brief and pregnant words:

"qual soffrisse di starla a vedere  
Diverria nobil cosa o si morria,"

words which, of the whole poetic generation, the author of "Comus" would, perhaps, alone have entirely understood.

Towards Milton himself (who, as belonging essentially to the pre-Restoration era, is discussed in the present volume) Mr. Saintsbury's attitude is, in both senses of the word, perceptibly cavalier. His treatment cannot be called unfair, and few men have given Milton higher praise; but it is the treatment accorded to a distinguished enemy by a chivalrous assailant, who admires him almost to intoxication, but cannot quite forgive him for being on the wrong side. "If poetry could be taught by reading it, then indeed the critic's advice to a poet might be limited to this: Give your days and nights to the reading of "Comus"—is a dictum to which the most devout Miltonian could only object that it attaches an even too high relative value to what, with all its splendour of poetry, still belongs to the imperfect genus of the Mask. But with the early poems Mr. Saintsbury's unqualified admiration ends; and he neither has nor affects to have any sympathy with the glorious Devil who abandoned his natural pre-eminence in the heaven of Caroline poetry to rule in the fiery abyss of Puritan politics. We have no special liking for Milton's theology, nor are we in the least disposed to compare the "Smectymnus" to "Comus," or the ribaldry with which he pursued Charles's memory to the melodious tear by which he immortalised that of Edward King. No doubt there we have at many points ugliness for beauty. But the man who refused to linger on Parnassus's steep when his country was plunged in civil war was not insensible to the poetry of action; nor, had he done otherwise, is it easy to suppose that he could, later, have imagined imperishable types of a kind of sublimity beside which even the sublime maidenliness of "Comus" seems pale—the sublimity of heroic



achievement and heroic suffering. Moreover, the true teaching of *es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt* is not that struggle avails nothing, but that, directed upon a great end, it atones for the errors to which it inevitably leads.

We trust that the reader will not have mistaken our sense of the very great merits of Mr. Saintsbury's book. If it does not make this wonderful epoch more intelligible than before, it makes it seem even more wonderful. It tends entirely to confirm, in full detail, the enthusiastic verdict upon it towards which modern criticism has on the whole strongly set, notwithstanding the equally evident bent of that criticism towards an Alexandrian standard of form which Elizabethan literature now grossly violates and now ravishingly transcends. His parting assertion of that which distinguishes this literature—"the diffusion throughout the whole work of the time of a *vivida vis*, of flashes of beauty in prose and verse, which hardly any other period can show"—may sound hackneyed and obvious; but it is an assertion which not half a dozen men living have Mr. Saintsbury's right to make, and which no other book yet written goes anything like so near as his to justify.

C. H. HERFORD.

*Neuer Commentar über die Genesis.* Von Franz Delitzsch. (Leipzig: Dörffling und Franke.)

THIRTY-FIVE years have elapsed since Prof. Delitzsch's commentary on Genesis first appeared; fifteen years since its fourth edition was published in 1872. Ever in the van of historical and philological research, the venerable author now comes forward with another fresh edition, in which he incorporates what fifteen years have achieved for the illustration and criticism of the text of Genesis. For, since 1872, many discoveries of archaeological interest have been made—notably, the tablets recounting the legends of the Creation and the Deluge, as they were current in Babylonia; and the higher criticism of the Book of Genesis, as of the Pentateuch generally, has been materially advanced by the studies of Wellhausen, published in 1876-7, and by the renewed examination of the question, especially that of Dillmann in his recently completed commentary, which Wellhausen's studies provoked. In the introduction to the present volume, Prof. Delitzsch states the results to which his own re-examination of this subject has led him. These results are not entirely new. They had been indicated before in the series of papers in the *Lutherische Zeitschrift für kirchliche Wissenschaft und kirchliches Leben* for 1880, in which Prof. Delitzsch reviewed the more salient features of Wellhausen's theory; but they are here succinctly restated, so far as was necessary in an introduction to Genesis.

Prof. Delitzsch has uniformly, since 1852, recognised the composite structure of the Pentateuch; but, in the Introduction to his edition of 1872, he was still of opinion that the character and mutual relations of the different sources were compatible with the supposition that the Decalogue and "The Book of the Covenant" (Ex. xx.-xxiii.), together with Deuteronomy, were the work of Moses himself, and that the rest of the Pentateuch had for its author one of Moses's immediate suc-

cessors. Closer and more systematic study has satisfied him that this position is not tenable. He holds, indeed, that the basis of the several codes (Ex. xx.-xxiii., Deut., and the Priests' Code) incorporated in the Pentateuch is Mosaic; but he considers that the form in which these codes are presented in the Pentateuch, at least in the case of Deuteronomy and the Priests' Code, is of much later origin. The Decalogue and laws forming "The Book of the Covenant" are the most ancient portions of the Pentateuch narrative, and preserve the distinctive type of the Mosaic style "in its relatively oldest and purest form." Of this type, the style of Deuteronomy is a development and expansion. The historical truth of the statement, in Deut. xxxi. 9, 24, that Moses "wrote" the Deuteromic law is insisted upon; but the reference is held to be not to the book of Deuteronomy, as we possess it, but to the code of laws which underlies it, and which it is the object of the book to develop and enforce. The substance of Deuteronomy, both in its historical and legal parts, is ancient, and rests upon a traditional substratum. But it owes its present form to a man of prophetic spirit, who recast it, accommodating it to the requirements of his own age, in the time of Hezekiah. The writer in Deuteronomy "neither is, nor claims to be, Moses; for he introduces him as speaking (i. 1-5; iv. 44-49), and incorporates in his speeches much of historical and antiquarian detail (ii. 10-12, 20-23, &c.)." He writes, however, on the lines of a pre-existing legislation, and in a spirit of genuine sympathy with the aims and personality of Moses himself. The Priests' Code (embodying the more distinctly ceremonial legislation) assumed its present shape under different conditions. In its principles originating with Moses, its form—which is singularly unlike that of all other parts of the Pentateuch—is that which it acquired in the hands of the priests, probably through the influence of some particular priest, at a much later date (though prior to the date at which Deuteronomy was composed). It thus took shape gradually, and, as we have it, is the result of a progressive development—the last stages of which may belong even to the period after the Exile. The book of Joshua, finally, is connected intimately with the Pentateuch, and discloses, when analysed, precisely the same composite structure.

The phenomena presented by the Pentateuch are complicated—far more complicated than those who have not made the subject a special study imagine to be the case. It cannot be doubted that the solution is to be sought in the direction here indicated by Prof. Delitzsch. The historical traditions of the ancient Hebrews were committed to writing at different times and by different hands; and the narratives embodying them are superposed, stratum upon stratum, in the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua, as we know them. The laws incorporated in Deuteronomy and the Priests' Code are not, of course, what they are often represented as being—the "inventions" of the respective authors: they are in their origin ancient, and the differences which the several codes exhibit are due to the modifications which were gradually introduced into them in the course of history.

It is the office of criticism to separate, where possible, these strata from one another; to define, at least approximately, the process by which they assumed their present condition; and to formulate a theory which shall embrace the observed facts, and explain, as the traditional theory does not explain, the phenomena alluded to above. Prof. Delitzsch's general view of the structure of the Pentateuch approximates to that of Wellhausen; but he differs from that scholar in his theological position, and in the postulates under which he conducts his analysis; he differs from him also in seeking to vindicate the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuchal legislation, wherever this is possible. The point of view from which he approaches the subject may be judged from the following extract:

"Thora and Pentateuch are not identical ideas. Only in late post-Exilic times, after the threefold division of the canon into law, prophets, and hagiographa was established, did they come to be identified. This is a fact of supreme importance. When duly weighed, it will be found capable of allaying conscientious questionings in regard to the criticism of the Pentateuch, and of disarming many inveterate prejudices. . . . For, if it be true that the Pentateuch contains the Thora [law], but is not itself the Thora, it is self-evident that the 'Book of the Law,' which Moses, according to Deut. xxxi. 9 wrote, cannot be the Pentateuch, or even Deuteronomy in its present shape; and there is the less difficulty in holding that the Pentateuch, like all the other historical books of the Bible, is composed of documentary sources differing alike in character and age, which critical analysis may be still able, with greater or less certainty, to distinguish and separate from one another" (pp. 33-4).

We wish that space permitted us to transcribe the whole of the pages that follow (pp. 35-8), in which, with weighty words, Prof. Delitzsch vindicates the right of criticism to analyse the records of the Old Testament, and, while repudiating the spirit in which it has been exercised by particular critics, shows that the methods of criticism are in themselves perfectly consistent with the regard due to a record of revelation; and, indeed, that it is the duty of the Christian scholar to apply them for himself, and thereby "to snatch the weapon from his adversaries":

"God is a God of truth! The love of truth, submission to the yoke of truth, abandonment of traditional views which will not endure the test of truth, is a sacred duty, an element of the genuine fear of God. 'Will ye be God's partisans?' exclaims Job (xiii. 8) indignantly to his friends, who assume towards him the part of advocates for God, while they distort the facts on which the issue rests in *maioris Dei gloriam*."

With a judicious appreciation of the facts and issues involved, Prof. Delitzsch points out the path that lies between the two extremes of the old and the new; and he shows how it may be followed without either disrespect to the inspired writers, or derogation from Christian truth. In this country, alas! the Old Testament is so rarely studied with the requisite system and scholarship that the relations of its several parts to one another remain commonly unnoticed; and the necessity of distinguishing them, which is at once the foundation and the justification of criticism, is not recognised. May this assertion of the claims of criticism, made by a theologian and

a Hebraist of Prof. Delitzsch's eminence, have the effect of convincing students in England of the importance of the subject!

The body of the commentary is not substantially altered. In saying this we are, of course, very far from meaning to imply that it is a simple reprint of the last edition; on the contrary, every page shows marks of the care that has been bestowed upon it, and in matters of archaeological and philological interest additions and improvements are everywhere conspicuous. Thus, the notes on ch. ii. include a critical sketch of recent theories on the site of Paradise; the introduction to the section vi. 9—ix. 29 contains a much fuller discussion than in the previous edition of the traditions respecting the flood, and of the relation to one another of the two divergent narratives that have been combined in the Book of Genesis. Prefixed to chap. xii., and similarly to chap. xiv., is a sound and moderate estimate of modern speculation respecting the historical character of the narratives in question. The minuteness and precision of the philological notes, in their improved form, is especially praiseworthy. The supposed "archaisms," which have for long been popularly imagined to characterise the language of the Pentateuch are thus—with one exception, the epicene *na'ar*—now rightly abandoned (p. 27 f.) as resting upon no foundation in fact. A brief but clear view of the composition of the text is prefixed to each section of the commentary, and the different sources are more fully and exactly characterised than was attempted in the edition of 1872. The analysis is not so minute as that of Dillmann, though Prof. Delitzsch has evidently a well-founded admiration for the work of his Berlin colleague (cf. p. 248); but, as he gracefully remarks (p. 437), his own eye is not gifted with the same delicate vision, and he prefers accordingly, even where agreeing with him in the main, to leave various minor points undetermined. The use of the volume, it may be noticed in conclusion, is much facilitated by improved typographical arrangements.

We congratulate Prof. Delitzsch on this new edition of his commentary on Genesis, and trust that it may appear before long in an English dress. By it, not less than by his other commentaries, he has earned the gratitude of every lover of Biblical science; and we shall be surprised if, in the future, many do not acknowledge that they have found in it a welcome help and guide.

S. R. DRIVER.

"Great Writers."—*Life of Shelley*. By William Sharp. (Walter Scott.)

MR. WILLIAM SHARP, as was to be expected, writes of Shelley with affection and sympathy. He does not profess to do more than give a simple narrative of his life, avoiding the temptations to digress into controversy or criticism. But even so apparently modest a task required the nicest discernment, as well as full knowledge and appreciation of the remarkable character the story of whose short career was to be told. These qualifications Mr. Sharp possesses in ample measure, and the result is that his account of Shelley is at once fascinating and just.

I confess that I am a little disposed to demur to some conclusions very aphoristically expressed in the following sentences, which occur in an early page of the memoir:

"The moment we seek to identify a poet with his poetry we are in danger of illusion. A man is not the less a man because he sings more subtly sweet than a siren. There is a distinction between a Voice and a Soul. A nightingale's twilight plaint in the beechwood is not the less wonderful if we learn that a happy family of glowworms has known ruin in order to sustain the musician in his high conceit of song. What then can it really matter to those of a later generation if this poet occasionally imbibed more than was good for him, if that poet infringed a majority of the commandments?"

It is always difficult to put into a short sentence the whole matter of an argument, and every one of these pithy observations—especially taken in reference to Shelley—is open to dispute. It seems to me that in Shelley's case there is a very close connexion between the poet and his poetry. His poetry was the natural outcome of his singularly perturbed and beautiful life; and I cannot see that in him there was a distinction between the voice and the soul. If he was not altogether soul—as in a sense it would seem he must have been—he always spoke from the soul and with the whole power of it. The parallel which Mr. Sharp seems to suggest between the domestic ruin inflicted on a family of glowworms, in order that a nightingale might sing the better, and some similar cause and effect—the unhappy fate of Harriet Westbrook of course occurs to one's mind—in Shelley's experience, does at first sight appear to be an apt one. But it will not bear examination, for the nightingale, by his own act, works ruin on the glowworms, while Shelley never, by act, or thought, or speech, brought ruin upon anyone. Perhaps I ought not to suppose that Mr. Sharp intends such a parallel. It is entirely my own construction of language which he possibly uses only as a general illustration, though even in that case he must expect his illustration to be applied in the circumstances directly in view. Mr. Sharp's next suggestion, that it cannot matter to a later generation whether or not a poet infringed a majority of the commandments, is certainly an unhappy one. The main argument of this book absolutely confutes it. We are of a later generation to Shelley, yet we are profoundly concerned to know that his life was pure, and that the rare spiritual qualities of his poetry were in keeping with those of his actual nature. True and great poetry would cease to be the divine thing it is if it were an exorcism or emanation, given off in virtue of some mere talent for producing it, and not necessarily coming out of a man's inner life and spirit. A vicious man may still be a poet, but his lower tendencies will inevitably affect and cramp his higher ones, and his verse will suffer.

But this is rather beside the question, and chiefly so inasmuch as Mr. Sharp's story of Shelley's life altogether establishes his personal purity and the identity of the spirit in his life with the spirit in his song. Prof. Edward Dowden's *Life of Shelley*—to which Mr. Sharp is necessarily indebted, as he several times says—has happily rendered

clear some mysterious and painful circumstances as to which it had been difficult hitherto to absolve Shelley from blame. Full absolution it may not be right even now to give him; but it is certain that, instead of being the active cause of misery—in the case of Harriet Westbrook—ending in complete ruin, he did all that a high-minded man could according to his light, and accepted suffering and sacrifice so long as these seemed to offer remedy or relief. These distressing incidents Mr. Sharp tells with the utmost tenderness and the most perfect fairness. It is a record, one could imagine, which neither of the parties would wish to have altered by a single word. The same thing, indeed, may be said of Mr. Sharp's whole account of Shelley's life from beginning to end. Where there were adverse interests or feelings, he is just to both. His own instincts respond to Shelley's, but he presents in a fair light every opposite view that could occur. He gives only an outline, for the scope of his book admits of no more; but it is faithfully drawn. It is another fit memorial of a beautiful soul, of whom it is always well to recount what we know.

Mr. Sharp tells us that his object in writing this new biography was to induce the further study of Shelley, and that object will certainly be attained by the book; but, apart from that purpose, it is a worthy addition, to be cherished for its own sake, to our already rich collection of Shelley literature.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

#### TWO BOOKS ON PRIVATEERING.

*Studies in Naval History. Biographies.* By John Knox Laughton. (Longmans.)

*The Corsairs of France.* By C. B. Norman. (Sampson Low.)

SINCE more than half the bulk of Prof. Laughton's new book deals with the interesting subject of privateers and privateering we have not gone out of our way in linking it to Mr. Norman's larger volume. But there is a better reason for so doing, in that both writers, though working on different lines of historical study, state practical conclusions which must be drawn from the records of the past, in identical terms and with similar warnings. Privateering is no more scotched and dead by virtue of the diplomatic declaration of 1856 than the great sea serpent has been laid low by scientific scepticism. "The name, at least, is abolished," Prof. Laughton writes: "the reality, in its more important characteristics, will, I do not doubt, revive on the first pinch." We may apply to privateers Coleridge's remark in defence of Drake and his doings, "No man is a pirate unless his contemporaries agree to call him so." And so to-day, "No ship is a privateer unless we are agreed to call her such." This agreement will not be found among international lawyers, we may be sure; but the practical question remains unaltered, and waits to be solved by the hard logic of experience.

Both writers under notice cover the same ground in dealing with four of the best known French privateers, or "corsairs," as Mr. Norman prefers to call them. This literal rendering causes no difficulty in the case of



such names as Jean Bart, Du Guay Trouin, Thurot, and Surcouf; but when applied to lesser heroes a slight ambiguity is possible. Prof. Laughton's articles are more pointedly critical than those of Mr. Norman, the former hesitating to admit, or even to credit, such traditional episodes as that of Jean Bart lashing his son to the mainmast to accustom him to the "music" of two vessels pounding each other. Mr. Norman, however, tells the story without doubting it, and even gives us a picture of the dramatic situation. Each author has much material drawn from original research—in Prof. Laughton's case, as is well known, at the Record Office, and in Mr. Norman's at the Bibliothèque Nationale; and thus the two books will be found to supplement each other. We should, of course, prefer Prof. Laughton's guidance on points of tactics, or on the details of an engagement; but Mr. Norman can claim authority for many features of "local colour" that add interest to his biographies.

There is one debatable question on which Mr. Norman lays emphatic stress, without producing, as it seems to us, sufficient authority for his conclusions. He insists more than once in his book on the utterly preponderating loss inflicted on English commerce during the great French wars. He gives, in his appendix, a roll of English merchant vessels captured 1793-1815, with a total loss of 10,871 vessels, but does not state where it was taken from; and on p. 377 he tells us that from February, 1793 to the end of 1795 not less than 3,000 British craft of all sizes and rigs were lost by capture. These figures we not only find difficulty in comparing between themselves, but we are unable to do more than contrast them with the tables of losses quoted by Col. Malleon in his *Final French Struggles in India* as "taken from the official documents," and with the English return of prizes taken 1793-1812. The latter, signed by the Registrar-General of Shipping, is, we take it, of sufficient authority, and can be found in the *Naval Chronicle*, xxix. 453. In it the total number of prizes admitted to registry during the period mentioned is declared to have been over 48,000 vessels, with an average annual tonnage of fully 300,000 tons. Such a total, we must remember, includes French, Spanish, Dutch, and Danish vessels, besides those of one or two lesser nationalities. But even then, with due allowance made, we doubt whether Mr. Norman can claim so great a balance on one side, when the wider extent and larger amount of British merchant shipping is remembered. In differing thus with Mr. Norman, we do not, however, wish to blink the important lessons that must be drawn from the cruises of Surcouf and his brotherhood. They have been urged in recent years by many writers, and not in vain, let us trust.

In Prof. Laughton's work, two of the most interesting essays are those on the English privateers Fortunatus Wright and George Walker, whose names will be familiar to but few. Their exploits were worth recording; and their careers, when compared with those of Jean Bart and Du Guay Trouin, lead Prof. Laughton to make some practical observations on the gulf that has been fixed and is maintained between the royal navy and the merchant service.

"But if this gulf is itself an evil, why should it be maintained? I believe that it is an evil, and that it might be done away with—not by any violent or radical innovation, but rather by a judicious return to the practice of the past. The exclusiveness, which I deplore, is itself the innovation; a thing but of yesterday—of yesterday, that is, as compared to the age of our navy."

This idea of strengthening our naval establishment, with the cogent reasoning which supports it, we recommend to the notice of all loyal reformers of things that are not as they might be.

Prof. Laughton has further given us, in his study of Paul Jones, "the Pirate," an authoritative outline of that celebrity's professional career and moral character, based on criticism that is a model for clearness and moderation. Of his remaining essays, perhaps, that on the battle of Lissa, which, in some of its features, recalls the old Roman victory at Ecnomus, hardly does justice to Tegetthoff's memory in saying that he is to Germans "not so much the victor of Lissa, as the bringer home of Maximilian's body." No less than three monuments stand to his memory in Austria, as the hero of Lissa and Heligoland. The four chapters on French naval history proper take a wide range in time but have a certain completeness about them. From Jean de Vienne, Admiral of France, an energetic opponent of Edward III.'s navy, when it was in an enfeebled condition, we pass to Colbert and the brilliant period of naval policy that he inaugurated. Then from Du Quesne, that curious old-fashioned type of naval officer, whose biography has been written by M. Jal with such learned accuracy, to the Bailli de Suffren is a long march; but it leads us to, probably, the highest flight of naval genius in the pre-revolutionary navy. Prof. Laughton's chapter on Suffren, in its original and anonymous form, was long considered to be the only satisfactory English account of that distinguished flag-officer, and its authorship was rightly guessed by some readers. It has undergone revision since then, and forms a valuable lesson on naval tactics.

Such a contribution to permanent history as Prof. Laughton here places before us deserves the warmest welcome, and we hope that it may prove to be one of the foundation stones on which a real history of the British navy may before long be built. Mr. Norman's book, with its map of coaling stations and ocean "crossings" and the comments thereon, illustrates a vital question of the day from the pages of history with much felicity of purpose. Its future lease of life, perhaps, does not promise equality with that of its companion. More than that, who can say?

GEORGE F. HOOPER.

#### NEW NOVELS.

*No Quarter!* By Capt. Mayne Reid. In 3 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

*The Maid and the Monk.* By Walter Stanhope. In 3 vols. (Sampson Low.)

*Love in Idleness.* By Iza Duffus Hardy. In 3 vols. (White.)

*The Twin Soul.* In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

*I. D. B.* By W. T. E. (Chapman & Hall.)  
*Squire of Calder.* By Harold Francis. (London Literary Society.)

*Country Luck.* By John Habberton. (Chatto & Windus.)

*Cyril Daneley: or, the Blue Hill.* By Miranda. (Elliot Stock.)

*Doonan: a Tale of Sorrow and of Joy.* By Melville Gray. (Sonnenschein.)

IN *No Quarter!* the late Capt. Mayne Reid forsook the style which made him the hero of schoolboys, and has left us a rattling historical novel after the G. P. R. James and Harrison Ainsworth type. It takes us back to the days of the Cavaliers and the Roundheads, and is marked by many episodes of an exciting and entertaining character. Sir Richard Walwyn and Eustace Trevor are the heroes of the Parliamentary army, though the latter had once been known as a handsome courtier in the *entourage* of Charles I., and one whom Queen Henrietta had even deigned to honour with tender smiles. Walwyn and Trevor fall in love with two charming and beautiful maidens, the daughters of one Ambrose Powell, a gentleman with a good estate in the Forest of Dean, and a stern opponent of King Charles. The Powell family is thrown upon troubled times; and, while the head of it is in danger politically, his daughters Sabrina and Vaga are also in danger from the dishonourable intentions of Prince Rupert and an officer of the Cavaliers. Fortune favours the brave, however; and when matters have come to a most desperate pass, the persecuted maidens are signally delivered by their affianced lovers, Walwyn and Trevor. Scattered through the novel are descriptions of the sieges of Bristol, Monmouth, Gloucester, and other places, so that the interest is thoroughly kept alive, whether it be of a romantic or a historical character. Sir Walter Scott has given us a flattering, perhaps too flattering, picture of the Cavaliers. Capt. Mayne Reid now drags them down from their pedestal, and exalts the Parliamentarians in their place. He is, indeed, most uncompromising in his utterances; and when some of the Conservative journals get hold of this story I fear they will give him "no quarter." He is very angry that Lord Beaconsfield and his associates were not impeached in 1880, instead of being allowed to "walk out of office and away, with a free jaunty step and air of bold effrontery, blazoned with decorations," &c. In another place he speaks of the "slimy Imperialism" of the "Jew of Hughenden," and describes "the Jingo cur" of to-day as a falling-off from "the Cavalier wolf of the Great War-time." Again, he regards the whole history of Toryism, from its commencement up to the latest chapter and verse, as "a record of sympathy with the wronger and unpitying regardlessness for the wronged—an exhibition of all the ferocity known to the human heart, with all its falsehood and meanness." Politics are not meant for fiction. Yet there was a refreshing independence of thought in Capt. Mayne Reid. Apart from polemics, this novel may be enjoyed for its racy delineations of character and scenery.

A second historical novel greets us in *The*

*Maid and the Monk.* Mr. Stanhope transports us exactly a century further back than Capt. Mayne Reid; and instead of being in the days of the tyrannical Charles we find ourselves in those of the imperious Henry, the eighth of his name. The chief characters here are Elizabeth Barton, the maid of Kent; Aveline More, daughter of the great Chancellor, Sir Thomas More; Dan Theodulph, the licentious head of a monastery; and Richard Plantagenet, the alleged descendant of Richard III., and the last of his race. The orgies of the monks of the sixteenth century are powerfully described, and Henry is credited with sharing in them himself. The maid of Kent first comes before us in 1533, when, according to the author, she was twenty-five years of age, though how that can be, seeing she was born in 1510, does not clearly appear. Queen Catherine upheld the inspiration of this hysterical woman, Archbishop Warham believed in her, and Wolsey and More were not untouched by her. Together with her associates—Dr. Bocking, of Canterbury, and Masters—she made a great sensation for a season; and these volumes trace her chequered career down to the time when she was tried and convicted of heresy, and condemned to the stake. History records that she was actually burnt in consequence of her denunciations of the king and his repressive ecclesiastical measures; but the last glimpse of her in this work depicts her as having been rescued from the flames by the gallant Plantagenet, and borne to a place of safety. Of course there are some love passages. The Maid of Kent has fallen a victim to the sensual passion of Dan Theodulph, who meets with a fearful retribution for his numerous crimes. Plantagenet loves Aveline More, and finally marries her, though he has inspired the Maid of Kent with the purest affection of her life. The hard facts of history are departed from in many instances, but license is allowed to the romancist; and if Mr. Stanhope has not been entirely successful in bringing before us vividly a past age and people, he has written a novel which manifests considerable ability, and is at the same time very attractive reading.

Miss Hardy's novels are invariably entertaining, and *Love in Idleness* is no exception to the rule. It is the story of a winter in Florida—a country which has evidently become a second England almost to the writer; and the sketches of scenery scattered through these volumes are very real and graphic. The description of the famous orange groves of Florida towards the close of the second volume could not well be excelled, and it was not possible to have written it at all save after a personal experience of the country. As regards the *dramatis personae* of her narrative, Miss Hardy has endeavoured to depict in them one of the innumerable little "British colonies" in Florida, and considerable interest attaches to their love episodes and their fortunes generally. The widely different natures of the two heroines, Violet Preston and Rosemary Heath, are well distinguished, and there is something touching in the chequered existence and tragic death of Max Randolph. The author may be congratulated upon having produced a very good novel.

*The Twin Soul* is a psychological and realistic romance, and relates the strange

experiences of Mr. Rameses. This extraordinary being suggests reminiscences of Zanon, *et hoc genus omne*. He has a lofty contempt for all such "fussy nationalities" as France, Russia, England, and America, who think "they are playing mightier parts on the world's great stage than ever were played before"; but he is quite convinced that, as in the case of Egypt and Assyria, they will perish and leave behind them as little mark "as the soap bubbles that children toss into the sunshine." Mr. Rameses's particular eccentricity is "the twin soul." He believes that everything is made in pairs; and, after poking about the world for a good while, he discovers his own affinity upon the summit of Ben Ledi, in the Scottish Highlands. This very singular being is an Oriental lady, clad in a long loose garment of pale amber, bound at the waist with a sash of golden fringe. She wore a turban on her head, had a mass of raven-black hair, and long dark eyelashes concealing the brightness of her "twin orbs." She is named Niona; and her particular business upon the top of Ben Ledi is "to kindle a fire direct from the sun's rays, on the mountain top, in honour of the antique religion of Asia." But if anyone except the great Mr. Rameses had found her, he would have deemed her to be qualifying for a lunatic asylum. Mr. Rameses tells us that he was a priest in the Temple of Isis, upon whose portico was written, "I am all that is, all that ever was, and all that ever shall be; no mortal has ever lifted my veil." We are getting just a little surfeited with this kind of mystery, and are tempted to parody Madame Roland, "O, Rider Haggard, what enormities are committed in thy name!" Mr. Rameses is represented as a marvel of universal knowledge. He knows all religious systems, from Buddhism to Christianity; is familiar with all the poets, from Homer to Wordsworth; has the history of all the nations at his fingers' ends, from the Egyptians and Phoenicians to the Yankees, &c. That being the case, it is strange that this "Enquire-within-upon-everything" kind of being should make three quotations from Wordsworth, and that they should all be wrong, spoiling one of the finest passages in the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," and the last line of the sonnet written on Westminster Bridge. It is rather singular, too, that he should speak of the followers of Zoroaster more than once as "Zoroastrians." Yet these things are trivial compared with what follows. If Mr. Rameses passionately loves anything it is music. What, then, will be thought of this passage?—

"Beethoven, especially, awakens feelings, memories, and mysteries in me which I cannot describe or account for, and which seem to me to speak a language without words—*Lieder ohne Worte* as he [?] expresses it."

Seriously, though there are some clever things in this work; yet, as a whole, it is crude and ill-digested.

*I. D. B.*—the initials are those of Illicit Diamond Buying—is concerned with the adventures of Solomon Davis at the Diamond Fields of South Africa, and elsewhere. The English scenes reveal singular depths of villainy, while the South African are sanguinary to a degree; and both, as it seems

to me, are conceived in a spirit of vulgarity.

One does not expect much in the way of literary style when the very first sentence in a story begins, "In the neighbourhood of Albert Square, Clapham—not in the square itself, but *sufficiently nearly so*," &c. Nor do the chances improve, when on p. 2 we read of "a sort of melancholy, bare-organ-y, tradesmen's cart-ish, milk-hoi air," &c. We are quoting from the *Squire of Calder*; and our impressions are not brightened when we proceed a few pages further and find as a specimen of the author's joking powers, "God bless my sole." The fact is that, notwithstanding the ingenious personation of a supposed squire by a young lady, the *Squire of Calder* consists of 360 pages of trivialities, devoted to the somewhat numerous love affairs of Rosalie Mere, with her ultimate melancholy fate, which is that of the biter bitten.

Mr. Habberton has given us a thoroughly fresh and healthy story of American life in *Country Luck*, which it is a real pleasure to read. Alike as regards style and grip of character it might be read with advantage by the author of the preceding work. There is something rational and true to the life about every person in it, but more especially, perhaps, about the women folk.

Cyril Daneley is very short, but it is readable enough. Some will, no doubt, think there is a little too much of the religious element in it for a work of fiction; but it may possibly find a market on that account. There is nothing to distinguish it from the literary point of view. It has one well-sketchd character—a lonely rich man who has lost his wife and child under sad circumstances.

"Love perfected through suffering" might be taken as the motto of *Doonan*. The story is interesting; but its most striking incident, curiously enough, is that which is also the most noticeable in the play of "Hoodman Blind." Is this another of those undesigned coincidences of which we have recently had so many in literature?

G. BARNETT SMITH.

#### GIFT BOOKS.

*Little Peter.* By Lucas Malet. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) Among the crowd of ingenious, interesting, foolish, dull, pretty, or otherwise mildly pleasing or irritating books produced at this season for children, it is only here and there that we find one that is really beautiful—like this. The author calls it "a Christmas morality for children of any age"; and years will not have brought wisdom to anyone from whom they have taken the power of enjoying this very simple and sweet story. The full beauty of it will scarcely be apprehended by the very young. They will not see how clearly all the characters are drawn, from Master Lepage to Cincinnatus the cat. They will not (we hope) realise the wretchedness of John Paqualin, the poor misshapen charcoal burner. They will not understand in its depth the beauty of little Peter's last dream. These things are for children of a larger growth; but they will love little Peter and Cincinnatus and Paqualin and Mdm. Lepage, and have a wholesome contempt of the conceit and stupidity of the rest. Moreover, they will like the pictures,



which are as truly sympathetic "illustrations" as we have seen for many a long day.

*A Little Step-daughter.* By the author of "The Atelier du Lys." (Hatchards.) It is a pleasure to meet with a story written for young people which proceeds from a hand that has charmed so many readers of more advanced years. As usual with this writer, her scene is laid in the South of France—a land with which she is intimately acquainted. The local colour is strong, and the characters are well defined. The period in which the events are supposed to have occurred is that of the Regency, and the condition of the peasantry and their relations to the Seigneurs form the background of the tale. The Little Step-daughter herself is a winning child; and the story of her adventures, like all good tales for children, will be read with interest by old as well as young.

*Margery Merton's Girlhood,* by Alice Corkran (Blackie), is a book written especially for girls, probably with a view of weaning them from the habit of reading novels. The scene is laid in France, though the heroine is an English girl. One of the characters, Josephine, a clever French girl, is exhibited as a solemn warning against maliciousness and lying. The most amusing part of the book, to an older reader, is the transparent effort to keep love-making out of the book, though there is a young man who appears as a saving genius at two critical moments of Margery's life, and who will evidently express his feelings towards her an hour or two after the last scene closes.

*Prentice Hugh.* By Frances Mary Peard. (National Society.) Miss Peard need not be nervous about her anachronisms. No one in reading a book of this kind will take the trouble to search them out; and the exact dates at which certain portions of the Cathedral at Exeter were executed, and what was the name of the bishop at the time, are matters of the smallest moment to her readers. These will be principally confined to the young, who will think Hugh a nice boy and laugh at his monkey, will be carried back to unknown times (the more unknown the better) by the antiquated language, will hang breathless on the account of the shipwreck, and rejoice at Hugh's triumph over the rascally Roger who stole his design for the corbel. We are doubtful whether Miss Peard knows exactly what a corbel is; but we are quite sure she can write a capital story, full of lively incident, pure in sentiment, in a true sense religious, safely to be recommended to the strictest parent or guardian.

*King Diddle.* By H. C. Davidson. Drawings by E. A. Lemann. (Bristol: Arrowsmith; London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) A pretty little fairy story, telling what wonderful things were seen by Hugh, aged six, and Amy, aged five, when they got up out of bed one night and went to explore the old lumber room, which had long been the object of their wondering curiosity. Children of about the same age will read it or hear it read with delight. The dainty little coloured pictures deserve especial praise.

*Sybil's Dutch Dolls.* By F. S. Janet Burne. (Field & Tuer.) Miss Burne is to be congratulated on the originality of her story. A little girl who has bought five hundred farthing dolls—wealthy little girl!—sees in her dreams her purchased treasures dressed in various attire, and converses with them. Some of them travel on the personally conducted principle, and go through various amusing adventures. There are numerous clever illustrations of the dressed figures; and even without the story the book would be invaluable to a girl who wished to amuse herself by planning costumes for the inhabitants of her dolls' house.

*New Fairy Tales from Brentano.* Told in English by Kate Freilighath Krocke, and pictured by T. Carruthers Gould. (Fisher Unwin.) We do not think the tales in this second volume are quite equal—so far, at least, as their suitableness to English taste is concerned—to those in the former one. Mrs. Krocke says in her preface that "Gockel, Hinkel, and Gackeleia" is "one of the most charming fairy tales ever written." If this be true of the original, we fear its beauty has suffered in the translation. Nor can we see the fun of "the exquisite mercantile fooling" of "The Story of Brokering," some of which reminds us of the anecdote "Sh'apprends à être fif." The last story, "Father Rhine and the Miller," is better; but then Mrs. Krocke, instead of translating, has really rewritten it in an adapted and greatly abridged form. The result suggests that she would be more successful in writing English stories of her own, in general imitation of German models, than in attempting to find English equivalents for Brentano's far-fetched German witticisms. Mr. Gould's coloured illustrations are always either humorous or pretty, and generally both.

*Wonderful Stories,* by Dr. Macaulay (Hodder & Stoughton), is a collection of narratives of travel and adventure, told in a style suitable for boys who are old enough to appreciate subjects of real interest. They are drawn from various original sources, and owe their interest to the truthfulness with which the writer has restricted himself to the telling of what actually happened, instead of attempting to startle his young readers with fireworks of the Mayne Reid order. Some of the stories are well known already—such as that of the "First Voyage of Columbus"; but others we have not seen before—as the account of the extraordinary adventures of Hendrik Portenger, who was shipwrecked in the Red Sea in 1801.

*Three more Tales.* By A. M. F. Paget. (Masters.) We learn from the preface that this book is a sequel to an earlier volume by the author, entitled *Tales for me to Read to myself*, which was intended for children only able to read very easy words. These new tales are meant for readers just a little more advanced, the common words of two and three syllables being sometimes used. The necessity for simplicity of diction has not prevented the writer from giving evidence of considerable literary power; and the stories, though they may be read and enjoyed by most children of seven or eight, are extremely likely to get read through by any grown person who may happen to take them up.

*Tom's Adventures in Search of Shadowland.* By Herbert S. Sweetland. (Fisher Unwin.) This is a well-written fairy tale, with a little more fancy and humour than are usually to be found in such compositions. We have submitted it to the judgment of some tiny critics, who think the story capital, but do not like the pictures. The frontispiece, however, is not bad.

*The Stories of Wasa and Menzikoff* (Blackie) are two well-told historical tales. The conception of the giant Bao, with his blunted moral perceptions and his devotion to his master Gustavus, is novel and good. The second story exhibits the debasement of character produced in a great man, who had been raised from a low condition by the Tsar, Peter the Great, through ambition and fear.

*The Kitten Pilgrims.* By R. M. Ballantyne. (Nisbet.) The author and artist is certainly good at kittens, as has been sufficiently proved before the appearance of this volume; and there is plenty of skill and ingenuity in the book, both in the way of writing and drawing. Monkey Fun, Greedy Toad, and Stork

Ignorance, are all very clever. Yet is it not cleverness nearly all thrown away? The notion of a Kitten Pilgrim's Progress is scarcely a happy one; and, though the author has succeeded better than could have been expected, nothing can prevent it from being a poor burlesque of one of the most reverend books in the English language.

*A Golden Age.* By Ismay Thorn. (Hatchards.) Pol is certainly a nice little boy, and mispronounces his words very prettily, and Mr. Gordon Browne's pictures are nice; but there is not much more to say about *A Golden Age*. Mr. Polwyth is a sentimental old gentleman who is very kind to his little godson and gives him everything he asks for, and tells him the story of his own life of unreturned love and self-denial. Then there are two other children whose Christian names begin with Tre and Pen, so that we have the Cornish trio of Tre, Pol, and Pen (for the second time this winter season), which of course is very clever; and the three children form a secret society called the Cornish Brotherhood, which is very mysterious and not a little silly; and finally, after a good struggle to keep something like a story going with the aid of scrapes and other incidents of ordinary childhood, the book winds up with the death of Mr. Polwyth and the enrichment of Pol and his father with Mr. Polwyth's money—a truly British ending. Ismay Thorn has done better before, and we hope will do better again.

*The Cost of a Mistake.* By Sarah Pitt. (Cassell.) We are not at all sure whether Will Ireland suffered much from the mistake. He had indeed to give up his cherished desire of going to college and entering the Church, and it is not pleasant to live for some years under the suspicion of stealing a hundred pounds; but his vocation for a doctor's life seems to have been evident, and his character is cleared completely before he has finished his studies under the good Dr. Angus of Edinburgh. On the whole, this story is a good one—not very brilliant, but by no means dull; and in the course of it we come in contact with a good many queer persons whose peculiarities are described with no little humour.

*The Story of Spenser's Faerie Queene.* Edited by J. E. Rabbeth. (Bell.) "To paraphrase Wordsworth's words or characters," said Mr. Shorthouse, in an address to the Wordsworth Society, "is unspeakably painful; nay, more it is useless. It will convey no adequate idea to the man who is ignorant of Wordsworth's poetry." All this is doubly true of Spenser, and yet this is what Mr. Rabbeth has done. It is hard to see for whom his book was intended. If for old people, then surely they ought to read the original poem; if for children, then why give them a volume of unmanageable form with all the poetry volatilised? The size is demy octavo, and the number of pages is 490. The Invocation is gone, and we have instead, Upton's antiquarian notes. The preface is merely a *réchauffé* (indeed, little more was possible) of Dr. Todd's and Dean Church's work.

*The Dawn of Day* volume for 1887 (S. P. C. K.) is as excellent a collection as ever of instruction on many subjects, of short tales, and anecdotes. It is superfluous to recommend this useful magazine for Sunday School and parochial purposes.

SEVERAL Christmas numbers lie upon our table. The most expensive, and undoubtedly the finest example of colour-printing, is *Le Figaro Illustré*, of which an English edition is issued by Mr. Spencer Blackett. Besides the plates reproduced by the Goupil process of chromotypography, which stands unrivalled for softness and variety of tint, there are articles

by M. Alexandre Dumas *fil.*, M. Alphonse Daudet, and M. Octave Feuillet, as well as a "Réverie" by M. Ambroise Thomas, charmingly illustrated by M. Lynch. Of the Christmas numbers of the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* it is not necessary to say much. The text of the former consists of a story by Bret Harte; the text of the latter of a story by Mr. W. E. Norris, to which an interesting note is appended. It seems that it had been originally intended to include a story by Mr. F. Anstey; but, owing to a miscalculation of the space required for "other matter," this appears only in the copies despatched to the colonies. Is it possible that this colonial edition will at some future day become an object of desire to bibliomaniacs? Certainly, the exigencies of "other matter" make the reading of a story in one of these Christmas numbers not very desirable on its own account. In addition, we have *Yule-Tide* (now published by Messrs. Cassell), with a story by a yet greater name—Mr. R. L. Stevenson—and coloured plates that combine delicacy and brightness with unusual success; and, finally, the *Chatterbox*, which retains the old custom of short tales by different writers, and of which the pictures have been printed—by no means badly—by Messrs. W. H. Keep & Co.

#### NOTES AND NEWS.

HITHERTO Lewis Carroll's two famous books—*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, and *Through the Looking Glass*—have only been obtainable at 6s. each, with, we believe, no reduction to the trade. We are glad to hear that we are soon to have, not only a "people's edition" of both of them, with all Mr. Tenniel's original illustrations; but also the two bound up in a single volume, for 4s. 6d.

MR. WALTER CRANE'S new picture book, entitled *Legends for Lionel*, will be published by Cassell & Company early in December. It will contain a number of original illustrations in colour.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a new novel by Mrs. Oliphant, in three volumes, entitled *The Second Son*; and also a collection of *Four Ghost Stories*, by Mrs. Molesworth.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. announce, for publication by subscription, *The Parishes of Warwickshire*, by the Rev. George Miller, vicar of Radway, author of "Historical Sketches of the English Church for the People of England," to be followed by *The Parishes of Worcestershire*, thus completing the whole diocese of Worcester. A brief account will be given of the history of each parish and its church. The endowments of the churches will be traced from the *Taxatio*, 1291, to the present time, together with the value of land, labour, agricultural produce, stock, and capital required for farming. The population of the parishes, with the classes of which it is composed, and their relative numbers, will be given, from time to time, from the Norman Conquest downwards; and also the rateable value of land at different periods, and the steps taken for the relief of the poor. The book will be published in four parts or volumes, one for each hundred of the county. The whole will contain about 750 pages. Part i. will be issued towards the end of January.

*The History of the Family of Borlase*, by Mr. W. Copeland Borlase, late M.P. for St. Austell and vice-president of the Society of Antiquaries, is announced for publication by Mr. William Pollard & Co., antiquarian printers, Exeter.

A CHEAP edition of *Robert Burns: an Enquiry into Certain Aspects of his Life and Character*, by a Scotchwoman, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock. In this reissue the new preface is

signed by M. S. Gairdner, whom we understand to be a sister of Mr. James Gairdner, of the Record Office.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. will shortly publish a cheap edition of Mrs. F. C. Philips's last novel, *The Strange Adventures of Lucy Smith*.

THE forthcoming number of the *Political Science Quarterly*, published in this country by Mr. Henry Froude, will contain, among other papers, "English Local Government," by Frank J. Goodnow; "Profits under Modern Conditions," by Prof. J. B. Clark; and "The Natural Rate of Wages," by Franklin Giddings, editor of *Work and Wages*.

WE understand that the Cape Government has ordered 100 copies of Mr. George McCall Theal's *History of the Boers in South Africa*.

PROF. ZUPITZA has just completed, for the Early English Text Society's Extra Series for 1887, Part II. of his edition of the romance of *Guy of Warwick*, two parallel texts from the fourteenth-century Auchinleck MS., and the fifteenth-century Caius MS. Dr. C. Horstmann's late illness has prevented his finishing his "Forewords" to his long-printed editions of the *Lives of Saints* (about A.D. 1375), and H. Bradshaw's *Life of St. Werberghe* (A.D. 1521), for the same society.

MR. T. GOLLANCZ, of Christ's College, Cambridge, has undertaken to re-edit, for the Early English Text Society, the Exeter Book—the well-known collection of Anglo-Saxon Poetry in the unique MS. in Exeter Cathedral—with a fresh modern English translation, not a mere revision of Thorpe's archaic version. Mr. Gollancz hopes to finish the work early in 1889.

MR. PERCY FURNIVALL, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, having abandoned the cinder-tracks of cycling for serious work, is about to edit for the Extra Series of the Early English Text Society two early treatises on medicine and surgery, by an old worthy of his hospital, its chief surgeon in Tudor days, Thomas Vicary, a man who held—doubtless with the approval of the women of his time—that all doctors should be good-looking men.

MR. G. J. GOSCHEN'S inaugural address as President of the Statistical Society on Tuesday next, December 6, will be delivered at Willis's Rooms, and not at the usual place of meeting of the society.

MR. ANDREW LANG will give a lecture at the London Institution, on Monday next, December 5, at 5 p.m., on "The Wanderings of Puss-in-Boots."

PROF. JULIEN VINSON has just printed, in the *Bulletin* of the Société des Sciences et des Arts de Bayonne, the third Fascicule of "Pièces Historiques de la Période Révolutionnaire en Français et en Basque." The same author has lately published *Les Religions actuelles: leurs doctrines, leur évolution, leur histoire*, forming tome v. of the "Bibliothèque Anthropologique" (Paris: Delahaye.)

#### UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. INGRAM BYWATER, reader in Greek at Oxford, has just been nominated a corresponding member of the Berlin Academy, in the department of history and philosophy, which also includes philology in the German use of that word.

COMMEMORATION at Trinity College, Cambridge, is to be celebrated on Monday next, when Dr. Glaisher will deliver an address in the ante-chapel on "The Bi-centenary of the Publication of Newton's *Principia*."

SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER, late director-general of statistics to the Government of India, has just retired from the India Civil Service, on the completion of his twenty-five years of service. He is at present living at Oxford, where he will deliver a lecture on Tuesday next, in the hall of Balliol College, on "The Delta of Bengal and its Ancient Capitals." We may add that he has announced a wish that no notes be taken of his lecture, for it will probably be published as an article in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

WE are glad to record that the Rev. G. F. Browne, of St. Catherine's College—whose studies have thrown so much light upon the obscure subject of early sculptured art in England—has been elected to the Disney professorship of archaeology at Cambridge, vacant by Prof. Percy Gardner's removal to Oxford. Prof. Gardner's introductory lecture on "Classical Archaeology, Wider and Special" has, we may add, just been published in pamphlet form by Mr. Henry Frowde.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge has approved the name of Mr. Charles Waldstein, director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, for the degree of Doctor in Letters.

ON Tuesday last Convocation at Oxford voted the following grants: £250 for removing the Arundel marbles from the Bodleian to the University Galleries, where they will be under the charge of the Professor of Archaeology; £730 for additional accommodation at the Bodleian Library and the Radcliffe Camera; £500 for building a lodge for the caretaker of the new Clarendon Laboratory; and £1200 for continuing the arrangement and cataloguing of the Pitt-Rivers anthropological collection.

THE grant from the Worts Travelling Scholars' Fund of £150 for archaeological research in Cyprus (mentioned in the ACADEMY of November 12) has been transferred from Mr. H. B. Smith to Mr. M. R. James, of King's College; and Mr. James has also obtained leave of absence from his duties as assistant director of the Fitzwilliam Museum for Lent and Easter terms of next year.

THE senior Kennicott scholarship at Oxford has been awarded to Mr. D. S. Margoliouth, of New College, for a dissertation "De prisca Oratore Siracidae e versionibus eruenda." The dissertation is in three books with an appendix.

THE subject chosen for the Yorke prize essay at Cambridge next year is "The History of Land Tenure in Ireland."

THE Oxford branch of the English Goethe Society meets this day (Saturday) in the hall of New College, when Mr. Cuthbert Shields, of Corpus, is to read a paper on "Goethe's 'Lehrjahre' as exhibited in *Wahrheit und Dichtung*."

THE Oxford Historical Society has just issued two new volumes, a continuation of the register of the University from 1571—when the register of matriculations begins—to 1622. The work has been undertaken by the Rev. Andrew Clark, of Lincoln College, who has traced in the first volume all the subtleties of the Elizabethan degree, with the numberless dispensations habitually granted. The second part contains the matriculations, with tables showing the counties from which each college drew, the average age at entrance, and the like. A third volume is necessary to complete the period, giving the degrees, and a general index; and this is ready for the press. The volumes are numbered x.-xi.; but volume ix. (Letters from Queen's College in the Eighteenth Century) is not quite ready for issue.

THE *Oxford Magazine* printed in its numbers for November 16 and 23 a rough bibliography of the chief books and pamphlets interesting to



Oxford residents which were issued during the years 1883 and 1884. The compiler is Mr. F. Madan, of the Bodleian.

## TRANSLATION.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON OF CAEDMON.

BOUND hand and foot with cruel fetters I  
Lie helpless, and the gates of hell are barred.  
How shall I scape these bonds, these massive bars  
Of iron forg'd hot, which God hath welded round  
My throat? Too well God knew my thought;  
too well

The Almighty knew I would work Adam was  
About heaven's realm if I could wield these hands.  
But in the dire, unfathomable abyss  
Of fire and darkness we now woe endure,  
Bereft of light, to direst torment hurled,  
Though he to us can lay no crime or sin  
We wrought in heaven. Now this we may avenge,  
Spite him who reft us of heaven's light, for he  
Another world hath since created where,  
In his own image, he hath fashioned man,  
With man's pure soul to people heaven again.  
Thither bend all our thoughts to wreak revenge  
On Adam and his race; contrive how we  
May interrupt their joy; for hope of light  
Or bliss amid the angelic throng, which man  
Now deemeth all his own, we must forego,  
Nor ever hope to soothe the Almighty's wrath.  
But from the heaven God drove us let us drive  
The race of man; seduce them to fall off  
From their Creator, and transgress his will,  
That he in wrath may spurn them from his grace,  
And headlong hurl them to partake with us  
These bonds in hell's grim depths.

GEORGE R. MERRY.

## MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE most important papers in the *Revista Contemporanea* for October are "The Notion of a simple Body in Chemistry," by Rodriguez Mourelo, and a clever allegorical tale, "Camino de Trapisonda," by Ramiro Blanco. Mariano Amador writes on the development of conscience, maintaining the religious and orthodox view in opposition to the materialism of Letourneau's *L'Evolution de la Morale*. "Art and Literature in the Philippine Islands" draws attention to the beauty of the popular poetry and of the Songs and Romances of the Passion, sung by the Indians during the Holy Week. An article on the authorship of plays exhibits the folly of those who attempt to write dramas without knowledge either of the theatre or of life. Carlos Cambronero gives a pleasant account of the introduction of the dragon into the escutcheon of Madrid. Vicente de Arana has a graceful anacreontic poem to "Elisa"; and Perez y Oliva concludes in these numbers his treatise on "Capture at Sea."

THE October *Boletin* of the Real Academia de la Historia opens with an inedited contemporary "Relation of the Autos and Autoillos of the Inquisition in Toledo from 1485 to 1501." The narrative is written in evident good faith, and proves that the larger numbers of the victims of the Inquisition are nearer to the truth than was supposed. In these seventeen years 260 persons were burnt in Toledo alone, and about 6,000 reconciled—i.e., allotted various degrees of punishment and penance. Nearly all were condemned for Judaizing; and among them are canons, priests, monks, and persons of high social standing, whose descendants generally changed their names to avoid perpetuation of the obloquy. This publication is due to Padre F. Fita, who prints, also with observations, the Carta-puebla of Pera (1246), near La Guardia, and now a "despoblado." Fernandez Duro gives an excellent summary of the history of the "Valle de Aran," with its Roman inscriptions to Celtic or Iberian deities. The Martorell prize has been awarded to M. M. H. and L. Siret of Belgium for a work on the

archaeology of the south-west of Spain, and to Dr. E. Hübner, of Berlin, as *accessit*, on the Roman archaeology of Spain.

## SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BARET, P. *Sénégalie et Guinée, la région Gabonaise*. Paris: Challamel. 15 fr.  
BIGOT, Ch. *Peintres français contemporains*. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.  
BLONDEL, Sp. *L'art pendant la Révolution*. Paris: Renouard. 3 fr. 50 c.  
BÜSCH, W. Heinrich Heine. *Versuch e. ästhetisch-krit. Analyse seiner Werke u. seiner Weltanschauung*. 1. Abthg. Leipzig: Durselen. 6 M.  
CONRAD, H. W. M. Thackeray. *Ein Pessimist als Dichter*. Berlin: Reimer. 4 M.  
D'ALEMBERT, *Œuvres et correspondances inédites de*, p.p. Ch. Henry. Paris: Didier. 6 fr.  
FREYTAG, G. *Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben*. Leipzig: Hirzel. 5 M.  
GUERRE d'orient en 1877-1878. 12<sup>e</sup> et deraier Fasc. Paris: Baudouin. 5 fr.  
IM HOF, J. J. *Der Historienmaler Hieronymus Hess v. Basel*. Detloff. 25 M.  
MAINDRON, E. *L'Académie des Sciences*. Paris: Alcan. 12 fr.  
MEYER, R. *Das Wesen d. Einkommens. Eine volkswirtschaftl. Untersuchung*. Berlin: Besser. 6 M.  
PAKSCHER, A. *Die Chronologie der Gedichte Petrarca's*. Berlin: Weidmann. 4 M.  
PAUR, Th. *Das früheste Verständnis v. Dante's Commedia*. Götting: Remer. 1 M. 30 Pf.  
PEYRE, Roger. *Napoléon I<sup>er</sup> et son temps: histoire militaire, lettres, sciences et arts*. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 30 fr.  
TOMA, A. *Griechenland, Makedonien u. Süd-Albanien, od. die süd. Balkan-Halbinsel*. Hannover: Helwing. 7 M.  
VACARESCU, T. C. *Rumäniens Antheil am Kriege d. J. 1877 u. 1878. Aus dem Rumän. v. M. Kremnitz*. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 7 M.  
WASILEWSKI, W. J. v. *Ludwig van Beethoven*. Berlin: Brachvogel. 12 M.

## THEOLOGY, ETC.

- LAGARDE, P. de. *Onomastica sacra alterum edita*. Göttingen: Dieterich. 15 M.

## HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- ACTA nationis Germanicæ universitatis Bononiensis exarchetypis tabulari Malvezzani. Jussu instituti Germanici Savigniani edd. E. Friedländer et C. Malagola. Berlin: Reimer. 38 M.  
GELLER, L. *Österreichische Gesetze*. 1. Abth. Oesterreichische Justizgesetze. 3 Bd. Wien: Perles. 8 M. 50 Pf.  
GÖRKE, R. *Das Königreich Westphalen. Sieben Jahre französis. Eroberungsherrschaft im herzen Deutschlands 1807-1813. Vollendet u. hrsg. v. Th. Igen*. Düsseldorf: Voss. 6 M.  
KRÜGER, H. *Geschichte der capitis deminutio*. 1 Bd. Breslau: Koebner. 10 M.  
MEMOIRES de la comtesse Edling (née Stourdza), demoiselle d'honneur de l'impératrice Elisabeth Alexievna. Paris: Leroux. 6 fr.  
MONUMENTA historiae Warmiensis. 6. Bd. 2. Abth. Braunsberg: Huye. 3 M.  
NISARD, Ch. *Guillaume du Tillot, un valet ministre et secrétaire d'état: épisode de l'histoire de France en Italie, de 1749 à 1771*. Paris: Ollendorf. 3 fr. 50 c.  
PALINGENIA juris civilis. Fasc. 1. Leipzig: Tauchnitz. 4 M.  
TROG, H. Rudolf I. u. Rudolf II. v. Hochburgund. Basel: Detloff. 1 M. 60 Pf.  
PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.  
CYON, E. v. *Gesammelte physiologische Arbeiten*. Berlin: Hirschwald. 12 M.  
GAUDRY, A. *Les ancêtres de nos animaux dans les temps géologiques*. Paris: Baillière. 3 fr. 50 c.  
HERZ, N. *Geschichte der Bahnbestimmung v. Planeten u. Kometen*. 1. Thl. Die Theorien d. Altertums. Leipzig: Teubner. 5 M.  
NEUMANN, F. *Vorlesungen üb. die Theorie d. Potentials u. der Kugelfunctionen*. Hrsg. v. C. Neumann. Leipzig: Teubner. 12 M.  
SEYFAERT, H. *Louis de la Forge u. seine Stellung im Occasionalismus*. Gotha: B. hrend. 1 M. 60 Pf.

## PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- ATHENARI *Naucratitae dipnosopistarum libri XV*. Rec. G. Kaibel. Vol. I. Leipzig: Teubner. 4 M. 80 Pf.  
BERTHELOT ET RUELLÉ. *Collection des alchimistes grecs*. Livr. 1. Paris: Steinhell. 80 fr. (complete).  
BUSCH, E. *Laut- u. Formenlehre der angelnormannischen Sprache d. 14 Jahrh.* Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.  
CORPUS inscriptionum latinarum. Vol. 14. Inscriptiones Latini antiquae latinae. Ed. H. Dessau. Berlin: Reimer. 61 M.  
DESCHAMPS. *Eustache, Œuvres complètes de, publiées d'après le manuscrit de la Bibliothèque Nationale par le Marquis de Queux de Saint-Hilaire*. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 12 fr.  
GROESST, J. *Qua tenus Silius Italicus a Vergilio pendere videatur*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M.  
KLUGE, F. *Von Luther bis Lessing. Sprachgeschichtliche Aufsätze*. Strassburg: Trübner. 3 M.  
MERLIN, roman en prose du XIII<sup>e</sup> Siècle. p.p. Gaston Paris et Jacob Ulrich. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 20 fr.  
REUTER, A. *Zu dem Augustinischen Fragment de arte rhetorica*. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 80 Pf.

RING, M. *Historia Apollonii regis Tyrii*. E codice Parisino 4955 ed. et commentario critico instruxi M. R. Pressburg: Steiner. 1 M. 50 Pf.  
SCHMAUS, A. *Tacitus a. Nachahrer Virgils*. Bamberg: Buchner. 1 M.  
ZOSIMI historia nova ed. L. Mendelssohn. Leipzig: Teubner. 10 M.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

INGULFUS REDIVIVUS.

London: Nov. 26, 1887.

Mr. Birch's "relief" at my having at length pointed out his "worst mistake" is premature. I have not yet touched upon it, and will continue to spare him its revelation unless he wishes to see it in print. I may add that I warned him of it personally beforehand, but, it seems, in vain.

I still keep to the original subject—that of "Ingulf."

To my enquiry whether Mr. Birch really believes that his Countess Lucy married and became the mother of a family, when some eighty years of age (on his own showing), he replies that he declines to follow me into a "labyrinth of physiological paradoxes," and that his statement

"rests on good authority—an authority of three separate and independent chronicles [*sic*], which have none of the Ingulfine taint in them."

Does it? Let us see.

Now the essential point to bear in mind is that the well-known difficulty to which I have referred above springs from the acceptance of two statements:

(1) That the Countess Lucy was a daughter of Earl Ælfgar (who died, according to Mr. Birch, in 1059).

(2) That she married, and became a mother, in the reign of Stephen.

If these statements are both true, the "physiological paradox" results. If, on the contrary, they are both erroneous, the "physiological paradox" disappears. If this had been clearly seen, and steadily kept in mind, the difficulties with which antiquaries and historians have struggled for more than half a century would have been materially lessened.

Mr. Birch, therefore, has to establish that both the above statements are true.

He adduces, for this purpose, three "independent chronicles" (*sic*) which have, of course, been referred to throughout by those who have written on the question. I propose to take these in their order of relative importance.

(A) "The Registrum de Spalding." I fear that Mr. Birch only knows this "reputable MS.," as he terms it, from the extract printed from it in the *Monasticon*. It is, however, the least untrustworthy of his three so-called authorities, and the passage he quotes is avowedly but a *résumé* of the evidence in the Spalding Charters. But, unfortunately for him, it is *nil ad rem*, for it makes *neither* of the statements in support of which he invokes it.

(B) The "Ann[als] of Peterborough." Here, again, Mr. Birch, I fear, has quoted this "irreproachable MS." from the extracts printed in the *Monasticon*. For, though there spoken of as "The Annals of Peterborough," its real title is "The Chronicle of John Abbot of Peterborough," as correctly given in Sparke's *Scriptores*, where he will find it printed in full. It occupies a middle place in Mr. Birch's three authorities, being so far from "irreproachable" that it is looked upon as of small authority. Moreover, it has distinctly (*pace* Mr. Birch) "the Ingulfine taint" about it, notably on the subject of Lucy and her connexions, and on that of Hereward "the Wake." It makes, moreover, only one of the statements that Mr. Birch has to establish—namely that Lucy was Ælfgar's daughter.

(C) The genealogy "at the end of a MS. of Florence of Worcester." This, which is demon-

strably the worst of Mr. Birch's three authorities, is that which he has specially selected, we learn, to follow word for word. It has no more to do with Florence of Worcester than have the MS. notes in a family Bible to do with that Bible's contents. It is only known to us from Dugdale's *Monasticon*, iii. 192, and cannot be earlier than the reign of John, to whom its compiler refers. From start to finish it is full of glaring impossibilities, of which the only redeeming feature is that the compiler's blunders can so easily be detected and traced to their source. Mr. Birch now tells us, with pride, that he has preserved, in his narrative, "the strict signification of the words" of this extraordinary concoction. The sole authority for both the statements Mr. Birch has to establish is this worthless document, which has, indeed, proved the source of all the confusion on the subject.

Before explaining how its blunders arose, I would raise a point which, so far as I know, would seem to have escaped notice. Mr. Birch reminds us that this "separate and independent" chronicle has "none of the Ingulfine taint." Now, on collating this document with the so-called chronicle of Ingulf, I have been greatly impressed with the resemblance. It is sufficient to prove that they are not "independent," and that the compiler of one of the two must be acquainted with the other. In support of this view, I append some parallel passages.

"INGULF."

"Erat enim iste Leofricus comes vir devotissimus, et elemosynis multum deditus, fundator ac ditator multorum monasteriorum: Alvaro filio Leofrici Leycestrensis Comitatus . . . [1057] illustrissimus et optimus Comes Leycestrie Leofricus obiit, et apud Coventriam . . . sepultus requiescit.

"Strenuissimus etiam Comes Alvarus . . . saepius ab aemulis insectatus, saepe terrarumque jactatus . . . obiit . . . relictis tribus liberis, duobus filiis scilicet Edwino et Morkario, postea Comitibus, et unica filia, quae nunc superest, Comitissa Lucia.

"Predicti germani Comes Edwino et Morkario ambo a suis per insidias trucidati. . . Yvoni Taylboys post necem praedictorum duorum fratrum Comitum Edwini et Morkarii, Luciam sororem eorum, cum omnibus terris et tenementis ad eodem pertinentibus, inclutus Rex Willielmus dederat in uxorem . . . ne radices altas figerent in mundo spuria vitulina, omnem sobolem securi Domini succedente deperit linea viri malefici maledicta.

" . . . Illustri adolescenti Rogero de Romara, filio Geroldi de Romara maritata [Lucia], et a seniore fratre sui Willielmo de Romara, Comite Lincolnie, plurimum honorata."

THE ANONYMOUS MS.

"Leofricus tertius nobilis fundator multorum coenobiorum . . . genuit Alvarum postea Comitum. Iste Leofricus jacet apud Coventriam.

"Alvarus tertius, tempore regis Edwardi, saepius exlegatur et toties strenuissime cum rege reconciliatus, genuit Edwino et Morkarum, postea Comitum, et filiam nomine Luciam postea Comitissam.

"Edwino Comes Warwike, et Morkarus Comes Eboracensis ambo fratres . . . suorum insidiis occisi sunt; obtinuitque Lucia soror eorum terras paternas, quae nupta est primo Yvoni Taylboys, a qua nullam suscepit sobolem, tempore Willielmi Conquestoris et Willielmi Rufi.

"Lucia comitissa, tempore Henrici primi nupta Rogero filio Geroldi."

I venture to think that to competent critics these parallels will prove my point. In any case, however, this compiler is the sole authority for the fact that Lucy married and became a mother in the days of Stephen. Now, this blunder was evolved by what we may term "projection." Lucy was "projected" a generation. She is well known to have been the wife of Randolph, Earl of Chester, temp. Henry I., whose widow she was in 1130. Instead of this the compiler marries her to Randolph's (and her) son and namesake who lived in the days of Stephen. But the odd thing is that in the *Continuatio* of Ingulf, assigned to "Peter of Blois," Lucy is similarly "projected," being made sister-in-law to the Earl of Lincoln, to whom she was really mother, just as above she is made wife to an Earl of Chester, to whom she was really mother. Does not this strongly suggest that all this gang of "authorities" are tarred with the same brush? For my part I rejoice to see that Dr. Stubbs has denounced "Peter of Blois" as well as Ingulf himself; nor am I able to understand how Mr. Eytton and Mr. Chester Waters can have relied on a passage in the former chronicle for their supposed discovery of the true date to be assigned to the Lindsey Survey.

Oddly enough, the anonymous compiler repeats what I term his trick of "projection," converting, it will be found, in his closing paragraph, the Countess Lucy's sons into their own sons or grandsons.

Thus, I have now knocked from under him one of Mr. Birch's legs, and nailed, as it were, to the barn-door the blunders of the sole "authority" for his "physiological paradox," by showing how they arose. It would seem that the point, as yet, has been imperfectly grasped, for the funniest part of the whole business is this. Mr. Freeman, who, of course, repudiates this narrative, and justly ridicules it as "still swallowed by novelists and local antiquaries," has, in this very passage, fallen himself into the trap. He states, in his remarks on the Countess Lucy (I quote from the third edition, 1877, vol. ii., p. 682) that she was undoubtedly "alive in 1141 (*Ord. Vit.*, 921 B)." On turning to the passage here referred to, we find that Ordericus is speaking of the wife of the then (1141) Earl of Chester. This wife, according to the compiler, whom Mr. Freeman so justly denounces, was the Countess Lucy herself, who however, as everyone now knows, was not the wife, but the mother, of the earl. Thus the worst and most obvious of all these confusions is enshrined, by implication, in the *Norman Conquest* itself.

Of these confusions Mr. Birch asks: "Can Mr. Round smooth them away? If so, he will deserve everybody's gratitude." Well, I will do my best, although with some diffidence; for many able writers have dealt with this difficulty. And one can do little more than sum up the arguments as they stand.

But this letter has already reached an excessive length.

J. H. ROUND.

THE GENEALOGY OF BOOKS OF ADVENTURE.

Loughton, Essex: Nov. 23, 1887.

I have no reason to be dissatisfied with your notices of my two books—*Her Two Millions* and *A Queer Race*. That of the former is all I could desire, and almost more, I think, than I deserve; and albeit your criticism of *A Queer Race* is less favourable, I take exception to it only in one particular. You say that it would never have been written but for its predecessors, meaning thereby *Treasure Island* and *King Solomon's Mines*. This being averred as a fact, and not given merely as an opinion, you will, perhaps, allow me, for the satisfaction of my literary *amour propre*, to make a correction and offer an explanation.

The true predecessor of *A Queer Race*, in the sense of your remark, was *The Phantom City*. Had the latter story proved a failure, the other would assuredly never have seen the light. I should not, in that case, have tempted fortune with a second tale of adventure; and I thought out *The Phantom City* before the appearance either of *Treasure Island* or *King Solomon's Mines*. Some twenty years ago, while voyaging in the West Indies, I heard from an engineer of the Royal Mail Company an account of his experiences during a cyclone at St. Thomas's, the main incidents of which I have reproduced in the first chapter of my story. Some time afterwards, while reading Morelet's *Travels in Central America*, I came across the legend of a fabled city in the unexplored regions of Guatemala, and there and then I resolved to make it the ground-plan of a romance. Little by little the idea took form and substance, and save for the pressure of other engagements would have been carried into effect long ago. There are no two writers of fiction whom I more admire than Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Haggard, or whose gifts of imagination and power of expression I would more gladly possess, yet, so far as I know my own mind, I have neither borrowed from the one, nor imitated the other. A coincidence is not a plagiarism. Imaginary voyages and quests for hidden treasures are the monopoly of no writer. They are as old as literature itself. *Peter Wilkins* and *The Golden Bug*, to say nothing of *The Voyage of the Argonauts* and *Robinson Crusoe*, were written before Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Haggard were born.

Had you said that my book would never have been written but for its predecessors generally (without any special reference), I should no more have taken exception thereto than I should take exception to a statement that, but for my forefathers, I should never have been born.

WILLIAM WESTALL.

London: Nov. 23, 1887.

In the last number of the ACADEMY, Mr. R. L. Stevenson's delightful *Treasure Island* was named as being the first book of the special class to which it belongs, and as having thus set a fashion. Let me point out that Mr. Harry Collingwood's *Secret of the Sands* is somewhat earlier, and is a noticeable story. Indeed, though I rank Mr. Stevenson's tale higher as literature, I incline to believe that a jury of schoolboys would find for Mr. Collingwood, if it were only for a fight with a pirate vessel which is one of his leading incidents.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

[Mr. Collingwood's *Secret of the Sands* was, it seems, published as long ago as 1878, as a two-volume novel, by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, & Co. The particular statement in last week's ACADEMY was intended to refer, not to any question of literary originality, but simply to the chronological sequence of a series of books issued in similar form by one publisher.—ED. ACADEMY.]

THE PRETERITE OF "TO COLLIDE."

Berlin, S.W. Kleinbeerstrasse 7: Nov. 26, 1887.

In the current number of Miss Braddon's *Mistletoe Bough*, p. 21, I read:—"I ran violently against him. He was hurrying out of the booking-office, and I was dashing off post-haste to 'collar' my box, as Foxe would say, and we *collode*" (the italics are mine). I should like to know whether this strong preterite of "to collide" owes its appearance in black and white only to a slip of the author's pen, or is in actual use among educated people.

JULIUS ZUPITZA.

[We should ourselves be disposed to conjecture that the form in question is a survival of the silly fashion of a few years ago—set, we

\* From this point onwards the extracts are taken from the *Continuatio*."



fancy, by Artemus Ward—of inventing strong preterites from fancied analogies of sound. Anyhow, our esteemed correspondent may rest assured that "collode" is not yet in actual use among educated people.—ED. ACADEMY.]

#### THE ETYMOLOGY OF "EMBELIF."

Cannes: November 25, 1887.

With reference to the word "embelif" (ACADEMY, October 8 and 29), it may interest those who are concerned in establishing its ancestry to observe that *beslong*, *bislong* (final *g* having the hard sound given by the illiterate to the same letter in "thing," "nothing," &c.), fem. *beslongue*, *beslonga*, *bislonga*; plur. *beslong*, *bislong*, is a current word used to this day in the sense of "oblique" not only throughout Provence but also on the Italian side of the Alps.

J. GONINO.

#### APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Dec. 5, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

5 p.m. London Institution: "The Wanderings of Puss-in-Boots," by Mr. Andrew Lang.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Elements of Architectural Design," II., by Mr. H. H. Statham.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: Symposium, "Is Mind synonymous with Consciousness?" by the President, Messrs. S. Alexander, B. Bosanquet, D. G. Ritchie, and G. F. Stout.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Botany of Syria," by Prof. G. E. Post.

TUESDAY, Dec. 6, 7.45 p.m. Statistical: Inaugural Address by the President, Mr. G. J. Goschen.

8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "A Jewish Apocalypse of Moses," by Dr. Gaster; "Histoire des deux Filles de l'Empereur Zénon," by Prof. Amélineau.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Electrical Tramways: the Bessbrook and Newry Tramway," by Mr. E. Hopkinson.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Fauna of Corea and the adjoining Coast of Manchuria," by Prof. H. H. Giglioli and Count T. Salvadori; "Liste des Oiseaux recueillis en Corée par M. Jean Kalinowski," by Mr. L. Taczanowski; "The Pigmy Hippopotamus of Liberia, *Hippopotamus liberiensis* (Morton), and its claims to distinct Generic Rank," by Prof. W. H. Flower.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 7, 8 p.m. Geological: "The Age of the Altered Limestone of Strath, Skye," by Dr. A. Geikie; "Thecospondylus Daviesi, Seeley, with some Remarks on the Classification of the Dinosauria," by Prof. H. G. Seeley; "The Discovery of Trilobites in the Upper Green (Cambrian) Slates of the Penrhyn Quarry, Bethesda, near Bangor, North Wales," by Dr. H. Woodward.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Chemistry, Commerce, and Uses of Eggs of various Kinds," by Mr. F. L. Simmonds.

THURSDAY, Dec. 8, 8 p.m. London Institution: "Material of Music—I. Characters," by Mr. W. A. Barrett.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "The Algebra of Linear partial Differential Operators," by Capt. Macmahon; "A Theorem, analogous to Stirling's, relating to certain Functions of Variables subject to a Linear Relation," by Mr. J. J. Walker; "The Solution of Green's Problem in the Case of the Sphere," by Mr. A. R. Johnson; "Confoveal Parabolics," by Mr. A. G. Greenhill; "Uni-Brocaded Triangles and their Inscribed Triangles," by Mr. R. Tucker.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: Annual General Meeting: Election of Council and Officers; "Safety Fuses for Electric Light Circuits, and the Fusing Points of various Metals usually employed in their Construction," by Mr. A. C. Cockburn.

8.50 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Dec. 9, 8 p.m. New Shakespeare: "Some of Shakespeare's Waiting-Women," by Miss Grace Latham.

SATURDAY, Dec. 10, 3 p.m. Physical: "Optical Properties of Phenylthiocarbimide," by Mr. H. G. Madan; "Recalescence of Iron," by Mr. H. Tomlinson; "Rotation of a Copper Sphere and of Copper Wire Helices when freely suspended in a Magnetic Field," by Dr. H. C. Shettle.

3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

#### SCIENCE.

*The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, including an Autobiographical Chapter.* Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. In 3 vols. (John Murray.)

(First Notice.)

No biography of recent years has been looked for, especially by men of science, with greater eagerness than that of the late Mr. Darwin.

Now that it has appeared, the scientific world will certainly not be disappointed, and the larger reading public ought not to be. We have of late years been surfeited with biographies, the publication of which has been warmly defended or vehemently attacked. The biography of Darwin will find none to cavil at the way in which it has been done, and it will need no defence. The apology for the life of Darwin is in his work.

The world of letters has been dimly conscious that we have had living and moving among us—until he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey in April 1882, in the presence of one of the most distinguished companies that even that building has ever held—a man whose influence on the developments of thought we are only yet beginning to recognise. So retired a life did Mr. Darwin lead for the last forty years, the consequence of uninterrupted ill-health, so rarely did he make his appearance at any public gatherings, that there are only too few to whom the recollection of even slight personal intercourse will be one of their most precious memories, comparable to that of the Roman poet when he exclaimed—*Tantum Virgilium vidi*. In one of the most interesting chapters in these volumes, written by Prof. Huxley, he places the name of Charles Darwin alongside those of Isaac Newton and Michael Faraday. The comparison scarcely seems to me adequate. Great as was the importance of the discoveries of those illustrious men, it can hardly be said that the influence of their discoveries extended beyond the domain of physical science. On the other hand, into what department of human knowledge have not the hypotheses of evolution and natural selection intruded themselves within the last quarter of a century? How have they influenced our conceptions of the very laws of thought themselves! The exact position of Darwin in the development of these laws cannot be determined until the generation which knew him in the flesh has passed away, until his personality has been absorbed in the ideality of the founder of a system; but it has long seemed to me that the judgment of posterity will allow him among his predecessors—if we exclude purely religious teachers—but very few peers. If the greatness of a man is to be judged by the influence of his writings on the currents of human thought, then the peers of Darwin are not Galileo and Newton, Harvey and Faraday, but Plato, Aristotle, and Bacon. And herein lies the great value of such a biography as this. It will be a *κρῖμα eis del*—a picture to all future generations of the inner workings of the mind of one of the greatest of the world's masters, of his life as it showed itself to those of his own household and to his intimate friends. What would we not give for such a picture of the genesis of the *Republic*, or of the *Metaphysics*, or of the *Organon*?

Mr. Francis Darwin has very wisely left his father, to a large extent, to tell the story of his life himself. With the exception of a short piece here and there of connecting narrative, and a very valuable chapter by Prof. Huxley, the remainder of these three volumes consists almost entirely of an autobiographical sketch written in 1876, and of letters to his most intimate scientific friends—

Sir J. D. Hooker, Sir Charles Lyell, Prof. Asa Gray, Prof. Huxley, and others.

It is often stated that, up to the time that he left Cambridge, Darwin showed no indications of remarkable genius, and no special tendency towards natural history pursuits. No doubt there was an entire absence in his childhood of that marvellous precocity with which we are familiar in the case of John Stuart Mill; but that he had already exhibited a decided bent towards natural science is shown by some of his letters written during this period, by the avidity with which he attended Prof. Henslow's lectures on botany, and by the fact that, immediately on leaving Cambridge, although at that time he intended to become a clergyman, he was recommended by Sedgwick and Henslow for the post of naturalist to the five years' cruise of the *Beagle* under Capt. FitzRoy. His letters home, while engaged on this expedition, showed, in the opinion of competent judges at home, promise of a brilliant future.

Darwin was not a specialist; and herein lies one of the secrets of the position which he ultimately attained. I mean, he did not devote his life to the exclusive study of some one group of plants, of animals, or of natural phenomena. The range of his scientific knowledge was very wide. Although in later life he disclaimed the title of botanist, he had an accurate acquaintance with the phenomena of vegetable physiology. He was an accomplished zoologist, and his knowledge of geology was such that he served for three years as one of the honorary secretaries to the Geological Society. No doubt he did specialist's work; and his *Monograph of the Cirripedia*, published by the Ray Society in 1851 and 1854, is one of the most valuable contributions of the kind to scientific literature. Such work is essential to the young naturalist, whether botanist, zoologist, or geologist, for it is the only way in which that intimate acquaintance with the phenomena of nature can be obtained which is indispensable for future generalisations. But to spend one's life in the observation and record of minute resemblances and differences is not congenial to a mind of the highest powers; nor does it develop faculties of the highest kind. The specialist must usually lay the foundation on which other men may build. Not only in natural science but in other departments of knowledge, specialists have ever been the last to admit new ideas. In no branch of natural history has specialisation been carried further than in entomology; and Darwin records (vol. iii., p. 69) how serried a front the entomologists at first presented against the admission of the theory of evolution. The late Mr. George Bentham, the prince of botanical specialists, the highest authority of his day in descriptive botany, wrestled long and hard against the hypothesis of natural selection; and it was only the fairness of his mind, and the strength of his logical faculty, that ultimately won the day against almost insuperable prejudice. The cramping influence over men's minds of these "eidola of the cave" is further illustrated by the fact that at the present day hardly a single special lichenologist has accepted the theory of the compound nature of lichens, now taught by the leading physiologists.

Nothing strikes one more forcibly in reading Darwin's Life and Letters than his extraordi-

nary power of recognising the proportionate value of the facts and phenomena which came under his notice—the result of most careful and painstaking observation, but the evidence of true genius. He seemed to detect at a glance, not whether a particular fact was favourable or otherwise to his theory—that consideration never had any weight with him; but whether it was a fact of primary or secondary importance, or of no importance at all, in obtaining a correct view of the laws of nature. Mr. Geikie describes very happily (vol. i., p. 329) this “remarkable insight in all that Mr. Darwin ever did.” Darwin was a great believer in his relative Mr. Galton’s views on the hereditary transmission of mental peculiarities; and it is interesting to find (vol. i., p. 13) that his father possessed a precisely similar unerring insight into the characters of men.

But what can be said, beyond what has already been said, on Darwin’s private and personal character, as known to everyone who came into personal contact with him, and as admitted by all, whether friend or foe, who knew him only through his letters or his books? So courteous and gentle, so ready to assist all who came to him for advice, so free from all unworthy jealousy; and, withal, so humble, and modest, and depreciative of his own great services to science. If I were asked to name the one leading feature of Darwin’s character, it would be his love of truth, which amounted to an absorbing passion. All the world knows the history of the joint publication by Darwin and Wallace of the first Essay on Natural Selection, so honourable to the kindly feeling and generous self-renunciation of both parties concerned. In illustration of these points in his character, I cannot refrain from giving two extracts—the first from his autobiographical sketch (vol. i., p. 89):

“I have almost always been treated honestly by my reviewers, passing over those without scientific knowledge as not worthy of notice. My views have often been grossly misrepresented, bitterly opposed and ridiculed; but this has been generally done, as I believe, in good faith. On the whole, I do not doubt that my works have been over and over again greatly over-praised. I rejoice that I have avoided controversies . . . as it rarely did any good, and caused a miserable loss of time and temper. Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, and that my work has been imperfect, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been overpraised so that I have felt mortified, it has been my greatest comfort to say hundreds of times to myself that ‘I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this.’”

The second is from a reminiscence by Dr. Lane of his life at a public water-cure establishment (vol. i., p. 131):

“He was surrounded by multifarious types of character, mostly very different from himself, commonplace people, in short. . . . And never was anyone more genial, more friendly, more altogether charming than he universally was. . . . He never aimed at monopolising the conversation. It was his pleasure rather to give and take, and he was as good a listener as a speaker. He never preached nor prosed; but his talk, whether grave or gay (and it was each by turns), was full of life and salt—racy, bright, and animated.”

A glance at the lines on Darwin’s face, in truth, would show that he was free from that defect, so common with great men—an absence of the sense of humour. This is illustrated by the following delicious anecdote related by the Rev. J. Brodie Innes, for many years vicar of Down (vol. ii., p. 289):

“On my last visit to Down, Mr. Darwin said at his dinner-table, ‘Brodie Innes and I have been fast friends for thirty years, and we never thoroughly agreed upon any subject but once, and then we stared hard at each other, and thought one of us must be very ill.’”

Before passing to a more critical account of Darwin’s scientific work, which we must reserve for another number, may I be allowed, for a very few lines, the reviewer’s privilege? The letters in these three volumes are, with few exceptions, to Darwin’s scientific friends, and relate to his scientific work. It is true that we learn his opinion on slavery, on the secession war in the United States, on the conduct of Governor Eyre in Jamaica, and on the proposal for the total suppression of vivisection; but one would like to have had more of these views of men and things. Not that Darwin’s views on any question of the day outside his own work would have had any special value in guiding the judgment of others; but that we should have gained from them even a fuller and more complete idea of the man. Possibly letters to his family or private friends bearing on extraneous subjects were not accessible to the editor, or possibly there were reasons against their publication. Secondly, the illustrations hardly seem to me fully worthy of the book, with the exception of the charming sketch (vol. i., p. 108) of the study in his house at Down, in Kent, his home for forty years—a spot which will be as worthy of the visits of future pilgrims as Shakspeare’s birthplace at Stratford or Scott’s home at Abbotsford. Instead of the two portraits given here, a far better presentation of the man, to my mind, would have been afforded by a reproduction of Collier’s magnificent portrait executed for the Linnean Society, or of Boehm’s statue in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

ALFRED W. BENNETT.

#### PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

*Die arische Periode und ihre Zustände.* By F. Spiegel. (Leipzig: Friedrich.) A work on the common culture of the Indians and Iranians before their separation is very welcome, more especially when it comes from the authoritative pen of the veteran Avestan scholar, Prof. Spiegel. The philology of the Asiatic branch of the Aryan family of speech has now arrived at a point which makes it possible to determine what is the exact character of the ties which bind the India and Iranian members of the group together, and mark them off from their European sisters. Where we find two cognate languages giving the same names to the same objects we may conclude that the objects were known to the speakers of the two tongues while they still lived together, and we can thus form a picture of the social condition and religious ideas of the latter. It is this picture of primitive Indo-Iranian life which Prof. Spiegel has drawn for us in his new work. He has gone patiently and exhaustively through all the words which throw any light on the social and religious life of a people. The result of his survey is to show more clearly than ever how intimate must once have been the relations

between the speakers of the Iranian and the Sanskritic dialects. It is more especially in the terms that refer to religious beliefs and practices, to the worship of the gods and the institution of a priesthood and a ritual, that this intimate relation is found to exist, though there is also a surprising similarity in the use of geographical expressions. When we compare the religious ideas and institutions of the Indo-Iranians with those which “linguistic palaeontology” has shown to be common to the Aryan communities of Europe we are struck by the wide difference, not to say contrast, between them, and the immense social advance which Indo-Iranian religion implies. A similar advance in culture is made evident by comparing the “Aryan” social life as depicted by Spiegel with the utter barbarism which Otto Schrader’s researches have proved to have characterised the primitive Indo-European community. The latter, for instance, still lived in the stone-age, while the Indo-Iranians were acquainted with the use of bronze and iron. Like many other recent writers Prof. Spiegel is inclined to look to Europe as the original home of the Aryan-speaking peoples. Thus he tells us that “the view formerly prevalent which brought the Indo-Kelts from Central Asia has been rendered more than doubtful by recent investigations”; and he concludes that, “without forgetting that the determination of the original seat of the Indo-Kelts must always remain a mere hypothesis, we must, nevertheless, allow that the hypothesis of their origin in Central Asia has become extremely improbable.” It is needless to add that Prof. Spiegel’s book should be added to the library of every comparative philologist. The student of human history and culture will also find it of value and interest.

*Zur Sprachgeschichte.* By H. Winkler. (Berlin: Dümmler.) Dr. Winkler continues his researches into what may be termed universal syntax, making the Ural-Altaic languages the starting-point and text of his studies. His new volume is primarily devoted to an examination of the ideas underlying the use of the noun and the verb in the Altaic dialects; but in order to test and establish his conclusions he passes most of the other languages of the world under review. As a contribution to comparative syntax the work is a valuable one. We regret only that Dr. Winkler has fallen into the besetting sin of his countrymen and written ten pages where one would have sufficed. He is also too much inclined to regard language from an abstract point of view, and so to find in syntactical constructions depths of thought which the actual employers of them have never dreamed of. Wilhelm von Humboldt did infinite harm by his discovery of “the inner form of language”—an expression which savours more of metaphysics than of philology; and, though Dr. Winkler is careful to assure us that he not only does not undervalue “the formless languages,” but finds in them forms of greater force and meaning than those of the so-called formal tongues, he would do better not to believe in a “formless fundamental type” at all. The first object of a language is to be intelligible, and it can be made intelligible only through the form which it assumes. To speak, as Dr. Winkler does on p. 115, of “the grammatical form of the verbal expression” being “not always the adequate expression of the thought,” is little else than nonsense. Our thought can never be adequately expressed by language, for the simple reason that language is necessarily symbolical; on the other hand, if our meaning is understood by another, it is adequately expressed, whatever may be the grammatical form of the verbal expression.

*Studi sulle antiche Lingue italiane.* By C. Moratti. (Florence: Le Monnier’s Successors.)





The proposal to read ἀληθούς in both places has been already made, with some hesitation, by Sussehl in his edition, and with the same authorities, except that he adds Par. 1417, and has not the passage from Alexander Aphrodisiensis. He does not alter the order of the words in the first place (§ 4).

The passage in which another reading is preferred to the one commonly adopted is II. vii. 1:

"ἐν γὰρ τοῖς περὶ τὰς πράξεις λόγοις οἱ μὲν καθόλου κενώτεροι εἰσιν, οἱ δ' ἐπὶ μέρους ἀληθινότεροι. The editors almost without exception prefer κενώτεροι, the reading of O<sup>b</sup> and the Latin version, to κοινώτεροι, the reading of K<sup>b</sup> L<sup>b</sup> M<sup>b</sup>. What is wanted is, however, not unqualified praise of οἱ ἐπὶ μέρους λόγοι, and unqualified condemnation of οἱ καθόλου, but such a recognition of the merits of both as will justify the application of the general statement to particular instances. This consideration seems to me decisive in favour of κοινώτεροι."

It is hard to see what this adds to Grant's commentary. He prefers κοινώτεροι, and for the same reason (see his note and translation). Grant, however, does not think the reason "decisive," but only that κοινώτεροι is "more natural"; and that this is a more judicious attitude appears from a passage which Grant partly quotes in his note from *Pol.* I. xiii. 10:

"ὁ γὰρ δε τοῦτο καὶ κατὰ μέρος μάλλον ἐπισκοποῦσιν· καθόλου γὰρ οἱ λέγοντες ἐξαπατῶσιν ἑαυτοὺς· ὅτι τὸ εὖ ἔχειν τὴν ψυχὴν ἀρετὴ, . . . ἢ τι τῶν τοιούτων· πολλὸν γὰρ ἁμείνων λέγουσιν οἱ ἐξαριμούντες τὰς ἀρετάς, κ.τ.λ."

This is about a subject kindred to that in the passage before us; and it is clear that it is not a "recognition of the merits" of οἱ καθόλου λόγοι, but of their demerits. Obviously, therefore, the probability is on the side of κενώτεροι. Aristotle's inclination to inuendo against Plato may account for the turn of his remark in both places.

The remaining passages discussed are V. vii. 1 and I. vi. 1. V. vii. 1:

"ὅταν τὸ μῦθος λυτρουσθῇ, ἢ τὸ αἶγα θύειν ἀλλὰ μὴ δύο πρόβατα. In my edition of book v. I expressed a doubt about the words ἀλλὰ μὴ δύο πρόβατα. It seemed to me that, in contrasting the sacrifice prescribed by the sacrifice not prescribed, the author would oppose, not αἶγα το δύο πρόβατα, but αἶγας το πρόβατα, or μίαν αἶγα το δύο πρόβατα. Why should the sacrifice which was not prescribed be more precisely defined than that which was prescribed?"

The answer to this question is so obvious that one must wonder it was ever asked. Of course the specification of the number of the sheep (cf. "a pair of turtle doves, or two young pigeons") shows that two known forms of sacrifice, prescribed possibly in different places, are being contrasted. The writer of the paper now sees this, because he has noticed the sacrifice of two sheep in Aristophanes (*Aves*). But one would think that everyone reading the Aristotelian passage must have inferred from it alone that "two sheep" was a customary sacrifice somewhere. The citation from Aristophanes is, of course, valuable, and ought to appear in the note of every future editor; but it is not in the least necessary for the translation. In fact, if we had no other authority for or against, the Aristotelian passage might fairly be *locus classicus* for the custom. I. vi. 1:

"ἀμφοῖν γὰρ ὄντων φίλων ὅσον προτιμᾶν τὴν ἀλήθειαν. The thought which this phrase has made familiar seems to have been a traditional commonplace of the Platonic school, descending perhaps from Socrates himself, and at any rate recalling his teaching. Compare (besides Aristotle, *Metaphysics* A 8. 1073 b 16) Plato, *Charmides* 166 d; *Republic* 595 c, 607 d; *Phaedo* 91 c; *Philebus* 14 b; *Sophist* 246 d."

The commonplace is surely common to all disputants, and one cannot seriously assign it to a definite school. Such comparisons are only

interesting when there is some striking similarity in the manner of putting this commonplace, as showing how one writer has been affected by reading another. From this point of view only one of the passages quoted from Plato is of real use, but it is a very good one:

*Rep.* 595 c: "ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ πρό γε τῆς ἀληθείας τι μὴ τ' εὖ οὐκ ἀνῆρ."

It is important to notice such coincidences, even in trivial matters. In Plato and Aristotle there are enough of them to show how full Aristotle's mind was of the thoughts and words of Plato, which may sometimes have influenced his expression unconsciously. Take, for instance, the following:

*Arist., Eth.*, I. vii. 17: δόξειε δ' ἂν παντὸς εἶναι προαγαγὲν καὶ διαθροῦσαι τὰ καλῶς ἔχοντα τῇ περιγραφῇ.

*Plato, Laws*, 770 b: . . . ἀπερίγητον καθάπερ τινι περιγραφῇ. τοῦτο δὲ δεήσει συμπληροῦν ὅμῳ τὸ περιγηθέν.

*Arist., Eth.*, I. vii. 2: μεταβαίνων δὲ ὁ λόγος εἰς ταῦτον ἀφίκεται.

*Plato, Laws*, 639 d: δοκεῖ μοι τρίτον ἢ τέταρτον ὁ λόγος εἰς ταῦτον περιφερόμενος ἔχειν. 688 b, ἡκεῖ δὴ πάλιν ὁ λόγος εἰς ταῦτον. *Rep.*, 456 b, ἡκομεν ἄρα εἰς τὰ πρότερα περιφερόμενοι.

J. COOK WILSON.

#### PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MR. LEWIS RICE, the compiler of the official Gazetteer of Coorg, and now secretary to the adjoining native state of Mysore, has recently published (Bangalore) a small quarto, entitled *Coorg Inscriptions*. It contains the text (printed in Roman characters) of some twenty-three Canarese inscriptions on stone or copper, together with translations of all, and lithographed facsimiles of the three most important. Prefixed is an introduction, in which Mr. Rice traces the annals of the Ganga dynasty, with the help of other inscriptions, from the third century A.D. We are glad to hear that this work is only preliminary to a more elaborate one on the inscriptions of Mysore.

THE Clarendon Press has just issued Part III. (HWISTLUNG-SÄR) of Prof. Toller's new edition of Bosworth's *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*. The editor has evidently profited by the just, though perhaps too harshly expressed, strictures which have been passed on the two earlier parts. The execution of the present part shows marked improvement, especially with regard to the accentuation and the etymologies. Some rather important changes of method seem to have been adopted during the progress of the work; for example, the letters of the alphabet have special articles as far as N, but no further. The practice of printing the primary words in capitals is continued (though, latterly, in a seemingly capricious and uncertain way) down to the middle of M, and is afterwards dropped; and in the selection of the typical forms of words the spelling *i* is in the later pages chosen for the umlaut of *éu*, for which, previously, *j* was preferred. We are not quite sure about the expediency of the last-mentioned change. It results in puzzling inconsistencies in the case of compound words, and the spelling with *j* is much more frequent in the text usually read, and, indeed, in Prof. Toller's own quotations. The additions to Bosworth's material are much more numerous than in the earlier parts, more recently published sources, such as Kluge's glosses in *Anglia* for 1885, having been used with good results.

DEAN BYRNE'S *Origin of the Greek, Latin, and Gothic Roots* (Trübner), is a work of great industry. The author has taken all the root-words of the three languages named, and grouped them under seven "phases of utterance," according to the position of the vocal organs when employed in pronouncing the

words. The recognised principles of etymology are necessarily ignored. In Latin *cetera* besides Sanskrit *yas* and Greek *ἔτερος* "the *c* replaces *y* and *h*," while in *jocus* "the *c* is from *v*"; *πῶς* and *πάρος* go together, *tiber* and *lymphæ*, *campus* and Sanskrit *sama*, *sitis* and English *soot*. The book has an excellent index.

WE have received the first Heft of the *Orientalische Bibliographie*, which Prof. Aug. Müller, of Königsberg, has undertaken to edit, with the collaboration of Prof. Bezzenberger, also of Königsberg; Prof. Strack of Berlin; Dr. John Müller of the Royal Library at Berlin; and Dr. Vollers of the Khedivial Library at Cairo. It is issued by the well-known Oriental publishers, Reuther, of Berlin, and may be obtained in this country from Messrs. Williams & Norgate. There are to be four parts in the year, to be obtained at the low subscription price of seven marks. The present part consists of sixty-nine pages, and catalogues no less than 1106 works, including articles in periodicals but not including reviews. The main classification adopted is as follows: (1) General, including anthropology, the comparative history of religion, and—nearly a dozen treatises on "Volapük"; (2) Northern and Central Asia and Eastern Europe—which is very poorly represented; (3) Eastern Asia and Oceania, subdivided into China, Korea, Japan, Indo-China (including Burma), Oceania, the Malay Archipelago and Madagascar; (4) Indo-Germanic, subdivided into India (including Gypsy), Iran, the Caucasus, and Asia Minor; (5) Semitic, subdivided into Assyrio-Babylonia, Syria and Mesopotamia, Palestine and Hebrew—which is especially numerous—Phœnicia, and Arabia and Islam (with a special section on Arabic works printed at Cairo); (6) Africa, subdivided into Egypt, North-Eastern Africa, North-Western Africa, and the remainder of Africa. Most of these sub-divisions are again treated separately with regard to language, literature, history, &c.; and at the end of each section are collected reviews which have not been given under other titles.

WE have also received Part I. (A—DA) of the fourth edition of F. Kluge's well-known *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Deutschen Sprache*. We hope to review this valuable work at length on the completion of this new edition. The present part contains several new articles, and many material corrections and improvements.

#### MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, November 21.) SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Messrs. W. Macdonald, R. J. Quelch, and G. F. Stout were elected members.—Dr. J. McK. Cattell, of the University of Pennsylvania, read a paper on "The Psychological Laboratory at Leipzig." He explained how experimental psychology undertakes to analyse and measure mental phenomena, and advocated the systematic work of the laboratory, both for the education of students and for the advancement of knowledge. Whenever experiment has been introduced into science a rapid advance has followed, and there are good grounds for hope that methods which have been so fruitful in physics will not prove barren for psychology. The study of consciousness is, as we all know, fraught with peculiar difficulties. It is not easy to be at once the observer and observed. "The eye sees not itself," and the phenomena are both complex and transient. The best results have been obtained when introspection has been combined with the objective manifestations of the contents of other minds, more especially when they have on the one hand become fossilised as in language, customs, art, &c.; or, on the other hand, are relatively simple, as in children, in savages, and in disease. But under circumstances the most favourable to scientific observation, there are serious difficulties in the way of exact analysis and measurement; and it will be found that in psycho-



logy, as elsewhere in science, experiment gives the most trustworthy and accurate results. Experiment calls up the phenomena to be studied when wanted, and by keeping certain conditions constant, and by altering others, gives the best chance for analysis; above all it enables us to photograph the transient phenomena, and subject them to objective examination and measurement. An account was then given of the psychological laboratory at Leipzig, founded by Prof. Wundt in 1879, and of the researches which have been undertaken in it, including experiments on the measurement of sensation, the duration of mental processes, attention, memory, and other subjects.—The paper was followed by discussion.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday,  
Nov. 22.)

PROF. FLOWER, vice-president, in the chair.—Canon Isaac Taylor read a paper on "The Primitive Seat of the Aryans," in which he discussed recent theories as to the region in which the Aryan race originated. The prescientific Japhetic theory and the Caucasian theory of Blumenbach have long been abandoned. A few years ago the theory advocated by Pott, Lassen, and Max Müller, which made the highlands of Central Asia the cradle of the Aryans, was received with general acquiescence, the only protest of note coming from Dr. Latham, who urged that the Asiatic hypothesis was a mere assumption based on no shadow of proof. The recent investigations of Geiger, Cuno, Penka, and Schrader have brought about an increasing conviction that the origin of the Aryan race must be sought, not in Central Asia, but in Northern Europe. These writers have urged that the evidence of language shows that the primitive Aryans must have inhabited a forest-clad country in the neighbourhood of the sea, covered during a prolonged winter with snow, the vegetation consisting largely of the fir, the birch, the beach, the oak, the elm, the willow, and the hazel, while the fauna comprised the beaver, the wolf, the fox, the hare, the deer, the eel, and the salmon—conditions which restrict us to a region north of the Alps and west of a line drawn from Dantzig to the Black Sea. It has also been urged that the primitive Aryan type was that of the Scandinavian and North German peoples—dolichocephalic, tall, white skin, fair hair, and blue eyes; and that those darker and shorter races of Eastern and Southern Europe who speak Aryan languages are mainly of Iberian or Turanian blood, having acquired their Aryan speech from Aryan conquerors. It has been urged that the tendency in historic times has been to migration from north to south, the inhabitants of the fertile and sunny regions of Southern Europe, where the conditions of life are easy, having no inducements to migrate to the inhospitable north. Moreover, in Central Asia we find no vestiges of any people of the pure Aryan type, while the primitive Aryan vocabulary points to the fauna and flora of Northern Europe rather than to that Central Asia. Fair races have a greater tendency to become dark in a southern climate than dark races to become fair in northern regions, as is proved by the fact that the complexion of the polar peoples, such as the Eskimo, the Lapps, and the Samoyeds, has been unaffected by their sojourn for uncounted centuries in the north, while there is much evidence to prove that the noble classes in the Mediterranean lands were formerly lighter in colour than at present. A vast body of evidence, of which the foregoing is a brief summary, has been adduced to show that Northern Europe rather than Central Asia was the home of the undivided Aryan race. But the Aryans must have had forefathers from whom they were developed; and the inquiry suggests itself, what could have been the race from which the Aryans might have been evolved? A Semitic, an Iberian, an Egyptian, a Chinese, a Turkic, or a Mongolic parentage is out of the question; and the author proposed to show that both from the anthropological and from the linguistic point of view that the Finnic people come closest to the Aryans, and are the only existing family of mankind from which the Aryans could have been evolved. The Teudic branch of the Finnic family approaches very nearly to what we must assume to have been the primitive Aryan type. The Teudis are either mesocephalic or dolichocephalic. They are a tall race, the hair yellow, reddish, or light brown, the

skin white, while blue or grey eyes are usual. As we go eastward from the Baltic we find that the Ugro-Finnic tribes approximate more and more to the Turko-Tatar ethnic type, just as when we go southward the southern Aryans conform increasingly to the Iberian type. Hence in the Baltic provinces of Russia we discover what seems to be the centre of dispersion, a region where the ethnic characteristics of Finns and Aryans do not greatly differ. Of this fact only two explanations are possible. Either the Baltic Finns have been Aryanised in blood while retaining their Finnic speech, an hypothesis supported by no evidence, and in itself improbable; or else we have here in their original seats a survival of the people from whom the Aryans were evolved. Anthropological considerations tend therefore to show that the Aryans are an improved race of Finns; while, on the other hand, the Finnic speech approaches more nearly than any other to the Aryan, and is the only family of speech from which the Aryan languages can have been evolved. The only argument for deriving the proto-Aryans from Central Asia was the belief that Sanskrit comes the nearest to the primitive Aryan speech. It is now believed the Lithuanian, a Baltic language, represents a more primitive form of Aryan speech than Sanskrit, and hence the argument formerly adduced in support of the hypothesis that the Aryans originated in Central Asia becomes an argument in favour of Northern Europe. The separation of the Aryan from the Finnic races must have taken place at a period so remote that we cannot expect to find any marked identity in their vocabulary. The culture words common to the Aryan and Finnic tongues are, for the most part, loan words. But the words denoting the primary relations of life, the names for father, mother, son, daughter, brother, and sister, can hardly be loan words; and these are substantially identical in the Finnic and Aryan languages. The same is the case with a few of the numerals, the pronouns, and the names for some of the primary necessities of life, such as the words denoting salt, shelter, food, and the rudest implements. But when we go back to the verbal roots which constitute the very basis of language, we find a remarkable identity between the Aryan and Finnic tongues. Thus the eighteen trilateral roots beginning with *k*, given in Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*, are all found in Finnic with the same fundamental signification. It is quite incredible that this identity in the ultimate roots can be accidental. Both in Aryan and Finnic these verbal roots are combined with formative suffixes to form nominal stems. We have the same formatives with the same significations. The conjugation of the verb is also effected in the same way, by the addition of identical pronominal suffixes to the verbal roots. The accusative, the ablative, and the genitive, which appear to be the three original cases, are formed in similar fashion by the addition of identical post-positions. The only fundamental differences between Aryan and Finnic grammar lie in the absence of gender in the Finnic language, and in the wholly different formations of the plural. But Professor Sayce has shown reasons for believing that the proto-Aryan speech possessed no gender, thus agreeing with its Finnic prototype; and he also believes that it possessed only the dual, the plural being a later development. But the dual is formed in precisely the same manner in the Aryan and Finnic languages, while the comparatively recent origin of the Finnic plural is proved by the fact that in the Finnic and the allied Turkic languages the plural is diversely formed. Hence the proto-Finnic speech agrees in every respect, both as to the grammar and the roots, with the proto-Aryan speech; and there is therefore no difficulty in the supposition that the one represents an archaic stage out of which the other was developed. These considerations modify considerably our conceptions as to the way in which we may conjecture that the Aryan race originated. Instead of supposing a single Aryan tribe in Central Asia, which sent off successive swarms to the west and south, we may rather conceive of the whole of Northern Europe from the Rhine to the Vistula as occupied by a Finnic race, whose southern and western members gradually developed ethnic and linguistic peculiarities of that higher type which we associate with the Aryan name. The Baltic Finns are survivals of this race. The Celts, owing to their remoteness, diverged at an early time from

the eastern type, while the Lithuanians and the Hindus preserved many archaic features both of grammar and vocabulary. The Slaves must be regarded mainly as Ugrians, and the South Europeans as Iberians, who acquired an Aryan speech from Aryan conquerors. The time of the separation of the Aryan from the Finnic stock must be placed at the least 5,000 or 6,000 years ago. At that time the linguistic evidence shows that the undivided race possessed only the rudiments of civilisation. Of the metals they possibly knew gold and copper, but their tools were mainly of stone or horn. They sheltered themselves in rude huts, they knew how to kindle fire, they could count up to ten, and family relations and marriage were recognised. They were acquainted with the sea, they used salt, and they caught salmon; but it is doubtful whether they were acquainted with the rudiments of agriculture, though they gathered herbs for food and collected honey. They possessed herds of domesticated animals, consisting probably of oxen and swine, and perhaps of reindeer; but the sheep seems to have been unknown. If this hypothesis as to the primitive identity of the Aryan and Finnic races be established, a world of light is thrown upon many difficulties as to the primitive significances of many Aryan roots and the nature of the primitive Aryan grammar. We are furnished, in fact, with a new and powerful instrument of philological investigation, which can hardly fail to yield important results. Comparative Aryan philology must henceforward take account of the Finnic languages as affording the oldest materials which are available for comparison.

## FINE ART.

## ART BOOKS.

*Notes on some Early Persian Lustre Vases.* By Henry Wallis. (Quaritch.) *Notes on Some Examples of Early Persian Pottery.* By Henry Wallis. (Henry Wallis.) Our information with regard to early Persian ware is so scant that we should be thankful to any one who tries to add to it—especially in so serious and scholarly a way as Mr. Wallis. What is known may be said roughly to consist of two facts: (1) That certain brown lustred tiles are dated in the thirteenth century, and (2) that most of the later pottery that forms the bulk of the collections at South Kensington and elsewhere belongs to the period of Shah Abbas the Great (1585-1627) and afterwards. In the first of Mr. Wallis's books of notes, he shows reason why certain lustred bottles and vases may be ascribed to the thirteenth century; and in the second he gives reasons for thinking that certain unlustrated plates recently discovered "in digging the foundation of a Persian town" may belong to the same period, together with a certain well-known and beautiful class of vase, specimens of which are at the South Kensington Museum, the Cluny Museum, and the Museum at Sévres. The latter vases are distinguished by the beauty of their shape, the boldness of their decoration, with panels of floriated ornament, Arabic inscriptions, &c., and the charm of their colour and surface. They have hitherto been much of a puzzle to connoisseurs. South Kensington, we think, has not ventured to assign them to any fabrique, simply calling them vases of the thirteenth century, but those in France have been assigned to the little-understood section of Siculo-Arabesque. Mr. Wallis advances his views on all these questions with moderation; and, by means of illustrations, some of which are admirably executed in colours by Mr. Griggs, he has put the points of his argument with great plainness.

*Great Minds in Art.* By William Tirebuck. (Fisher Unwin.) A curious title this, and a curious selection of great minds. Raphael and Landseer, Dürer and Doré, Rembrandt and Wilson, Velasquez and Wilkie—evidently a collection of stray articles which have served

a current need, and are now gathered together in book-form. It would have been well if Mr. Tirebuck had been contented to publish them so, without any pretence that the whole book is governed by a preconceived idea. They are separate beads, and in threading them on a string he has only shown how different they are in size and shape and colour. As separate articles they might pass, notwithstanding that the author has peculiar notions as to the meaning of English words and the proper way of arranging them. They are pleasant enough to read, and the article on Doré brings his interesting personality vividly before the reader. The "Introduction" is the mistake. In his desire to give his volume the appearance of organisation, the author's ingenuity has been put to a strain it cannot bear. We are told that "As personalities these men were eight in number, but as artists, they were virtually one"; and that "The eight painters whose biographies appear in this volume may be regarded as the eight parts of speech in the one great language of pictorial art." These eight parts of speech are comic enough. We will give them for the instruction of art students. 1. Grace in form and colour. 2. Imagination. 3. Pathos. 4. Sentiment. 5. Moral inference. 6. Contrast, or light and shade. 7. Realism, or fidelity to what the artist sees; and 8. Idealisation, or the power of adding to what he saw something finer which he imagined. Which painter is to be identified with which part of speech we will partly leave our readers to decide. Mr. Tirebuck's judgment is certainly in favour of modern art, for he selects Doré to represent imagination, Landseer sentiment, and Wilson idealisation. We not unfrequently, however, agree with Mr. Tirebuck; and his opinion that "the painter, as the disseminator of beauty, feeling, and thought, serves a most utilitarian purpose in the social system," is good sense, if not good English.

#### PROFESSOR MASPERO.

PROF. MASPERO has just completed the text of Mariette's *Monuments Divers*, which (as arranged between Mariette and himself, before the lamented death of the former) is entirely from his pen. With this important work, which will be given to the world with all reasonable promptitude, ends the colossal task which Prof. Maspero undertook some sixteen years ago—the task of seeing the bulk of Mariette's works through the press. Eight years of collaboration with the living man have been followed by eight years of laborious editorial work consecrated to the memory of the departed *savant*; and there now remain but a few fugitive papers on Mariette's excavations at El Assasif in Western Thebes, on "Alexandria in the time of the Caesars," &c., which will be published by Prof. Maspero in the pages of the *Recueil des Travaux*. Only those who know the difficult character of Mariette's handwriting, the fragmentary and unfinished condition of many of his MSS., and the immense mass of documents which have had to be sifted, deciphered, completed, and reduced to publishable form, can appreciate the amount of self-sacrifice and devotion with which Prof. Maspero has performed this onerous duty.

Prof. Maspero's second memoir on the Royal Mummies found at Dayr-el-Bahari in 1881 is in the press, and will shortly be issued. He has also just completed a *Catalogue Raisonné* of the Egyptian collection in the Museum of Marseilles, which not only describes and explains the objects in their order as seen by the visitor, but is designed to serve at the same time as a practical introduction to the study of Egyptian archaeology. This excellent catalogue will, we venture to think, serve as a type for all future handbooks of the same kind.

In the meanwhile, Prof. Maspero's *magnum opus*—his long-promised history of Ancient Egypt—progresses slowly but surely. Begun before he accepted the position left vacant by the death of Mariette, it has long been arrested by pressure of official work in Egypt. Even now, we can scarcely hope to see the publication of the first part earlier than 1889.

A. B. E.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### EXPLORATIONS IN EGYPT.

Bromley, Kent: Nov. 23, 1887.

As I presume the Egypt Exploration Fund will be continuing the excavations at Tell Basta in the coming season, I should wish to urge on the subscribers and committee the necessity of making a complete plan of the remains of the temple and statues as they are uncovered. It is true that everything was more or less disturbed in ancient times; but that is the more reason for recording carefully where and how each sculptured block now lies. It is only thus that any attempt at a restoration can be successful. Not a block should be moved until its position is recorded and a reference number given connecting it with the copy of inscription or sculpture upon it. A merely sketch-plan, made with a plane table, would be quite inadequate; for if a scientific body undertakes to clear and turn over a great site, it would be inexcusable not to provide a proper record of the positions of objects. When no plan is made the information is lost for ever, as has been so sadly the case in past ransackings in Egypt, both government and private. If a first-class survey cost £50, it would be none too much for a proper record; and I hope that the services of some thoroughly scientific surveyor in Egypt may be obtained. I feel at liberty to say this, as the very eminence of scholars in linguistic attainments is the best reason for not expecting of them an equal mastery of surveying.

For my own part, I shall be working in the Fayum this winter; as, to my surprise, private resources for excavating have been placed in my hands since I withdrew from the present organisation of the fund.

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

#### "DIE FRONICA."

London: Nov. 20, 1887.

Will you kindly allow me space for a few remarks on Mr. Weale's friendly, not to say indulgent, review of *Die Fronica* in the *ACADEMY* of November 12.

In the first place, I think the distinction between the Veronica and Abgarus legends of the Christ-face is more marked than Mr. Weale would perhaps allow. I found they could be kept quite distinct, and had had a quite different evolution. On the other hand, the artistic representations of the two legends are, as Mr. Weale rightly remarks, very much intermingled. So far as I have been able to investigate the Aquitaine version of the Veronica legend, I believe it to be of a comparatively late date, and the chief work dealing with it is thoroughly unscholarly and untrustworthy (see footnote, p. 2). The version, indeed, seems to have no bearing on the sweat-cloth incident, and would have led me away from those German sources with which I was more competent to deal.

In the next place, I think Mr. Weale is just a little bit hard upon Heaphy. That Heaphy is not a trustworthy critic is very apparent to all readers of his book, but I believe he honestly stated what he had seen and copied. Also I think that, owing to Cardinal Antonelli's assistance, he had access to certain portraits not

usually exhibited. I do not believe that the Christ-representations in Heaphy's sketch-book in the Print-Room of the British Museum are copies of post-mediaeval pseudo-copies of the Roman sweat-cloths. To judge them and their value, the sketch-book itself, and not the lithographed prints in *The Likeness of Christ*, must be examined. I should, however, write much less confidently on this and other points were I now re-writing the book, which I ought perhaps to have stated was compiled in 1883-4, and has been practically printed from the manuscript of that date.

A few words of *Corrigenda* and *Addenda* may, perhaps, be serviceable to readers. Mr. Weale recognised, but indulgently passed over, some rather stupid MS. misreadings. In particular, I would refer to the Dutch MS. on pp. 67-9. The proof of this I sent to Mr. J. H. Hessels; but, unfortunately, he mislaid it till it was too late to use the corrections he kindly sent me. The more important of these I now give. Some are printer's errors, some misreadings. P. 67, for "spieghal," read *spiegel*; for "ghesalscap," read *gheselschap*; p. 68, for "welcke," read *welck*; for "behoerlicste," read *behaechlicste*; for "beerste," read *keerste*; for "St," read *A(men)*; for "Innocens," read *Innocencius*; for "ghedeycket," read *ghedencket*; for "ie," read *ic*; for "nac," read *nae*; p. 69, for "gothed," read *gotheden*; and for "St," read *A(men)*.

The following Veronica hymn occurs in a Darmstadt MSS. (2,772) recently examined by F. Roth (*Germania*, 1887, p. 256). It introduces the Vernicle as a charm against evil, and thus throws a new light upon the many-sided use it was put to in the Middle Ages. It should be added to chap. ii:

Dico Veronica Christi solius amica  
Et ego demonstro Christi faciem tibi panno  
Hanc si scripturam leges inspiciendo figuram  
Illo nempe die pietatis munere divine  
Non formidabis hostes tutusque meabis.  
Nec facies aliequa te concitabit iniqua  
Consilium sanum decrevit Gregorianum  
Vultum formosum, Christi forma speciosum  
Semper adorari, venerari, glorificari,  
Hinc prece non ficta valet hec oratio dicta  
Trecentis verum sibi quadraginta dierum  
Pro culpa varia datur indulgentia sana.

A last remark as to my statement on p. 89 that Dürer copied no Greek Zeus model, but evolved his Zeus-Christ by seeking the most perfect human ideal. I was aware at the time of writing it that Dürer had occasionally used himself as a model for Christ. This point had been brought out by Thausing in 1876. I have, indeed, often found the *Selbst-Bildniss* at Munich mistaken for a Christ portrait. But this portrait is not the type of the sweat-cloth-faces (see plates xvii. and xix. of my volume and compare with *Thausing*, p. 355).

The following passage, however, taken from the Dürer MSS. in the British Museum is of singular value on this point. It shows that Dürer had really had a notion of adopting Zeus and Apollo as Christ-types. It would appear to refer, indeed, to the dimensions of the body, but is still of importance in measuring the classical influences at work in Dürer's conception. I owe this reference to Miss L. Eckenstein, who has recently been transcribing the MSS.:

"Plinius schreibt das dy alten moler vnd bildhauer/als abelles protogues vnd dy anderen haben gar künstlich beschriben wy man ein wolgestalten glidmas der menschen sol machen nun ist woll möglich das solche edle pücher seyen im anfang der kirchen fertrugt vnd awa getilgt worden vñ has der abgötterey willen/dan sy haben gesagt der jupiter soll ein solche proportz haben der abbolle ein andre/dy fenus soll also sein der ercules also desgleichen mit den anderen allen/[corrected: ach wer ich aber do gewest so het ich gesprochen] [added: solt ich meinem zwfall—im also sein vñ wer dy selb zeit entgegen gewest so het ich gesprochen] o libn heiligen heren vnd fetter vñ



des pösen willen wölt dy edlen erfundennen kunst dy do durch gros müe vnd erbet zw samen pracht ist nit so jemerlich tötten dan dy kunst ist gros schwer vnd gut vnd wir mügen vnd wöllen sy mit grossen eren in das lob gottes wenden/dan zw gleicher weis wy sy dy schonsten gestalt eines menschen haben zw gemessen irem abgot abblo also wolln wy dy selb mos prawchen zw crysto dem herren der der schönste aller welt ist/vnd wy sy prawcht haben fenns als das schönste weib also woll wir dy selb zürlich gestalt krewschlich darlegen der aller reinsten jungfrauen maria der muter gottes/vnd aws dem ercules woll wir den somson machen des gleichen woll wir mit den andrn allen tan solcher pücher hab wy aber nymmer vnd dorum/ So ein ferlern ding vnwidder pringlich ist/als das mus man noch ein anderen trachten/sölchs hat mich pis her bewegt das ich vnder standen hab mein nochfolgete meinung für zw legen/awff das so es ettlich lesen/im weiter noch dencken/vnd das man deglichs zw einem neheren vnd pesserer weg vnd grunt künnen müg/vnd will aws mas zall vnd gewicht mein fürnemen anfohen wer achtung dorawf hat der würtz hernach also finden."

As I said before, my conclusions date from 1883. It must be left to others to correct or modify them, as my work in 1887 lies in a very different direction. KARL PEARSON.

#### THE AGE OF THE WALLS OF CHESTER.

Liverpool: Nov. 15, 1887.

As I hope shortly to print my views in an essay form, I will at present only briefly reply to Mr. Brock, who seems in his last letter to have travelled over the old ground again. Met at every other point he, as a last resource, asks me (as he did in the *Builder*) to produce the accounts for repairing the walls in the time of Charles I., and in that of Queen Anne. I must give the same reply as before. The Parliamentary army on entering the city after the siege would repair the large breach by the forced work of their own men, and by impressed labour, using up no doubt most of the old material, and obtaining such fresh stone as was required close at hand. The excavations on the north wall, where the discoveries were made, are on the site of this breach. As to any accounts (properly so called) existing for these repairs in the city archives, it is hardly likely there will be any. With regard to the repairs in Anne's reign, the inscription set up by the Corporation at Pemberton's Parlour still exists, almost immediately above the reparations, stating that in 1708 *divers breaches*, &c., were rebuilt, and the decayed part of the walls repaired, adorned, &c., at the cost of one thousand pounds and upwards. Here is the account for these repairs. For me this is sufficient. I can at least trust the Corporation in the matter. If Mr. Brock chooses to ransack the city archives for further particulars, he can do so.

But Mr. Brock adds a portion a passage from Dr. Stukeley's *Iter Boreale* (p. 31) with the view of proving that there an example of "something like" the wall of a Roman *castrum* in Britain, built without mortar. It is to the effect that the Chester east gate was so built, and that it was a Roman arch. It is a pity that Mr. Brock did not quote the whole passage, as I have done in *Roman Cheshire* (p. 106), and also that he had not read the evidence of both previous and later writers on the subject. Dr. Stukeley saw no Roman arch. In fact, he did not, and could not, see what he engraves. His drawing is a purely fanciful one, and is contradicted both by his own text, and by the evidence of other writers. The gate remained a single archway (with a second parallel one blocked up) from the time of the siege until its demolition *circa* 1766. Randle Holme (Harleian MSS. No. 2073) has a drawing of it, showing a single pointed arch,

with turrets at the angles of the upper part. The gate, as it existed in Edwardian times, remained encased in later pointed architecture till its demolition (a drawing taken at this time by Broster and Wilkinson I have engraved in *Roman Cheshire*); and then the before-named parallel archway of equal size was brought to light, and is engraved by Pennant, Broster, Sir F. Palgrave, and Musgrave. But Stukeley states that he saw three arches abreast—a large centre one, and a small one each side—while he engraves three arches of almost equal size, with the "Ichnography" of the structure. This was in 1725, and more than forty years before the houses represented in Broster and Wilkinson's sketch were pulled down. These latter stood against the blocked-up arch.

In fact, though the credulous doctor saw Roman remains in many places where they never existed, he says nothing about the wonderful cornice near the north gate, the stones on the Roodeye, or the north wall, near the Phoenix Tower, being Roman. And why not, if he was really able to distinguish Roman wall-work? But he tells us, on the contrary, that he thought between the east gate and the river (*i.e.*, towards Newgate) some Roman work existed. His statements are quite on a par with his idea that the stones in the north gate of Newark were "of a Roman cut," with his being hoaxed by Bertram to believe that the forged Itinerary of Richard was genuine, with his invention of an Empress Oruna, and with his remarks dated August 16, 1750, "This day I walked to Caesar's Camp at Pancras, where he pitched his tent 1804 years ago this day, where he made King Cassivelaun and King Mandubrace friends," &c. No one was more useful than Dr. Stukeley in recording a find of coins, the discovery of a villa, hypocaust, or pavement; but on such matters as the age of a gateway or a wall, his authority is *nil*. As the Rev. W. C. Lukis remarks with regard to the above camp, "It required the enthusiasm and ingenuity of a Stukeley to make this discovery and invent its history." His idea of the Edwardian gateway, cased in pointed work, being Roman is another instance. I need not tell Mr. Brock that an arch may be often built without mortar, where a wall cannot; but Stukeley describes the gate as being very ruinous and shaky, and the mortar had possibly become decomposed and had fallen out, though I see no reason why it should not have been built without mortar in Edwardian times. With Dr. Collingwood Bruce and other authorities I believe that the Romans never built the wall of a *castrum* without mortar. There is no instance in Britain, and the so-called continental examples have all been disputed.

The excavations at the Roodeye stones seem, so far, to bear out my idea of their having been placed to keep the bank from being washed away, and at the same time serving as a landing-place, or abutment of bridge. The concrete backing making a thickness of thirteen feet seems to show this; but until the completion of the excavations it is premature to say anything. That the stones have been part of the wall of the Roman *castrum*, or of the mediaeval city wall, few, I think, will now believe. Whether put there in Roman times or later, they have been taken from a Roman building. I have to day had in my hands some of the crumbling mortar which occurred, in two courses of them only, on the ground level, as reported by the city surveyor (February 24, 1884). It can be easily broken between the finger and thumb, and then, in fact, ground to powder by the same means. This is the only mortar found on the face of this wall. Of that which is behind I will speak at some future time.

Since this correspondence began, I believe

that a boulder foundation (two courses) has been found beneath the Kaleyards part of the wall, though I have not yet learnt all particulars. This would seem to point to what I have previously said that when Roman work was come upon it would be the concrete or boulder foundation, as in the south wall in Bridge Street. If Roman work be found at the Kaleyards, the Edwardian walls have been built upon it; and I have long thought the wall at this point would be found to be composed of similar materials to the north wall—*i.e.*, sculptured fragments, tombstones, &c. The tombstone found at the Corn Exchange steps, which I take to be a surplus stone cast aside, seems to confirm this. But as no breach was ever made here the foundation has probably remained; while the breaches in the north wall have been the cause of the foundation having been removed from that quarter, and the tombstones, &c., previously in it, with fresh additions, have simply been built up again from the ground level. For symmetry's sake (at least) the plinth has been renewed to match the other portions of the wall.

Finally, the conclusion come to in *Roman Cheshire*, and endorsed by the Archaeological Institute, that no Roman work remained in the walls above ground, is not only maintained but confirmed. With this, my correspondence with Mr. Brock must cease.

W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

[Those who have followed this discussion may be interested to know that the presidential address, delivered by Sir Jas. A. Picton at the opening meeting of the British Archaeological Association on November 16, entitled "Notes on the Walls of Chester, Historical and Constructive," has been printed as a pamphlet (Liverpool: Walmsley), though without the illustrative plates which will appear in the *Journal* of the association.—ED. ACADEMY.]

#### NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. JESSE HAWORTH, of Bowdon, Cheshire, owner of the famous throne-chair of Queen Hatshepsut, or Hatshepsu (XVIIIth Egyptian Dynasty), which has for the last seven months been the centre of attraction at the Manchester Exhibition, has munificently presented this venerable and unique royal relic to the nation. The throne-chair has, we understand, arrived at the British Museum.

AN important collection of water-colour drawings and pencil sketches by the late Hablot K. Browne will be sold on Monday next by Messrs. Sotheby. How many years have gone by since "Phiz" first began to illustrate Dickens's novels! Those of us who are middle-aged can well remember how, on the happy day on which the monthly number came out, we always first turned to the two illustrations, not only for the sake of their humour, but also as the quickest means of ascertaining how the plot of the story was being worked out. When we had read the number, we once more turned back to them to see how far the artist had satisfied our conceptions of the scenes which he illustrated. Dickens and "Phiz" were then so inseparably connected that they almost seemed to make a kind of firm of literary and artistic monthly benefactors to the human race. Among the pictures which are announced for sale we observe "The Fat Boy discovering Mr. Tupman kissing Rachel," "Mr. Pickwick in the Middle-aged Lady's Bedroom," "Mr. Pickwick on the Slide," and "Barnaby Rudge and the Hangman."

MR. ROSCOE MULLINS has all but finished the life-sized statue of the Dorsetshire poet—

the late Rev. William Barnes. It is now about to be cast in bronze, and will then be placed prominently in the town of Dorchester—the poet's county town, into the streets of which he was for many a year accustomed to walk from his remote country home. The statue represents the poet of Dorsetshire folk and of familiar landscape standing bareheaded, but in a thick and well accustomed coat, which in a measure has shaped itself to his figure, and in great knickerbockers and buckled shoes. The poet is chiefly bald; he wears a beard. The aspect of his features is as of one engaged in thought. The work has already, in various stages of its progress, been seen by several of his friends, among them by his daughter and by Mr. Thomas Hardy, the great Dorsetshire novelist.

THE exhibitions to open next week are the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour, of which Mr. Holman Hunt has just been elected a member; a collection of water-colour drawings of Eton by Mr. Russell Dowson, at the Fine Art Society's; and some sketches of the Venetian Lagoons, by Mr. Wilfrid Ball, at Mr. Dunthorne's in Vigo Street.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS will lecture on "The Buried Cities of Ancient Egypt" for the Natural History, Geological and Antiquarian Society, at Tamworth, on Monday evening next, December 5.

## THE STAGE.

### STAGE NOTES.

THE interest in the French plays at the Royalty has been sustained as best it might, since we wrote last, by the appearance of M. Febvre. Febvre is a very sound actor—long esteemed by the English public, as he is valued in Paris; but he is not an actor of genius. And there is, of course, no particular novelty in the "Demi Monde," in which he has appeared. The "Demi Monde" is, nevertheless, a sufficiently welcome change after the somewhat overrated "Monde où l'on s'ennuie." Dumas is greater than Pailleron; a more caustic observer, a more pungent and brilliant chronicler of our follies.

FROM the Globe Theatre a piece, which could not in any case have long remained there, is to be removed immediately. Mr. Sydney Grundy's "Arabian Nights" is now going to the Comedy. There it is likely to have a very good run; and, as it is allowed to be extremely smart—conceived in a true vein of comedy, and very neatly acted—we shall hope to have something further to say about it.

MR. CHARLES WARNER is to be the recipient of an extraordinary and well-deserved tribute on the morning of Friday next, at Drury Lane. Mr. Warner is going to Australia—with his great performance in "Drink," no doubt, and with many other of his impersonations—and before he departs the whole profession does him honour by the performance of next Friday. The programme is phenomenal, both as to importance and as to length. At half-past one the doings of the day will begin—we should be extremely rash if we prophesied when they would be over.

ON Monday last there was produced at the Ladbroke Hall a piece styled "By the Sea," which was announced as an adaptation from the French of M. Theuriot—evidently from his "Jean Marie." The heroine's part was played by Miss Eleanor Marx. It is right to state that an adaptation of "Jean Marie," by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, has previously been performed several times under the title of "Under

the Farm by the Sea"; and that Miss Eleanor Marx had the advantage of appearing in one of these performances.

## MUSIC.

### WAGNER'S SYMPHONY.

WHEN Wagner fled from Dresden in 1849, he left behind him a portmanteau full of music. Among other things there were the band parts of a Symphony written in 1832, and performed at a Gewandhaus concert at Leipzig on January 10, 1833. About a year later the composer sent the score to Mendelssohn, then conductor at the Gewandhaus. Mendelssohn appears to have taken no notice whatever of it, and after his death the MS. was not to be found. But after many years the portmanteau was discovered by an old friend of Wagner's. The orchestral parts of the Symphony were restored to his possession; a fresh score was made; and the work was performed under the direction of the composer at Venice, on Christmas eve, 1882, less than two months before his death.

The work was heard for the first time in England at Mr. Henschel's third concert last Tuesday evening at St. James's Hall. The music was written at a time when Wagner was studying counterpoint, canon, and fugue, and when Beethoven was his idol. Dorn thus describes his enthusiasm for Beethoven: "He went to sleep with the quartets, sang the songs, and whistled the concertos." Hence we find the young musician making parade of his skill, and imitating his idol. Wagner, in a letter addressed to Herr Fritzsche, editor of the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*, in 1882, criticises his own work, declaring that some of the themes "do very well for counterpoint and express very little," pointing out that he took Mozart and Beethoven as models, and frankly acknowledging that, but for the Andante of Beethoven's C minor and the Allegretto of the A major, the slow movement of his Symphony would never have seen the light. Had he continued to write Symphonies there is little doubt that he would have shown more and more of his own individuality, and that his music would have shown fewer traces of the influence of the two great masters. So was it afterwards with his works for the stage. Weber is visible in "Rienzi" and even "Lohengrin," but not in "Tristan" and "Parsifal." The question might be asked—Has the world lost or gained by the resolution of Wagner not to go on writing Symphonies? The best way of answering this question is to point to "Tristan," "Meistersinger," and "Parsifal." He felt that it was impossible to equal, far less surpass, the great symphonic master in his own particular line; and this very despair prompted him to follow a path almost of his own finding, and, like all independent thinkers, to gain, for a time, the admiration of the few, and the hostility of the many.

But now a few words about the Symphony itself. The first movement contains little that is original; the first theme recalls Beethoven, and the second the Preciosa march, and it is spun out to very great length. But the constant activity and the confidence which the young *maestro* displays are very striking. Wagner has given a good description of the Andante. There can be no doubt about the truth of his indebtedness to Beethoven. And yet there are some touches of harmony and orchestration, as in the coda after the second subject, which remind one of the Wagner of later years. The Scherzo is the most compact, the most original, and the most interesting of the four movements. In the Scherzo proper, besides the rhythm of the Choral Symphony, the composer appears haunted by a passage in Schubert's great Symphony in C. But this

is a mere coincidence, as he can have known nothing of that work. The analyst reminds us that Wagner in the Trio has the same instrumentation and similar harmonies as the Trio of Beethoven's Symphony in A; but beyond these two points there is little in common between the two movements. In the Finale we are reminded more of Mozart than of Beethoven, excepting at the close, where, as the analyst somewhat sarcastically remarks, that there are "as many tonic and dominant chords as in the close of Beethoven's C minor." In the working-out section there is a good display of contrapuntal skill. Wagner wrote for a large orchestra, including three trombones and a double bassoon. Looking at the Symphony as a whole, it is of considerable interest, and quite as full of promise as any of the early symphonies of Schubert.

Mr. Henschel deserves the thanks of the English musical public for introducing to them Wagner's first and last symphonic attempt. The work takes in performance about three-quarters of an hour. It will be repeated on December 21, and ought to draw a large audience.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

### RECENT CONCERTS.

A *Fantaisie* for orchestra, entitled "Eroica," by Rubinstein, was a novelty at the Crystal Palace last Saturday afternoon. It proved, as is usual with that composer's later works, long and tedious. Some of the themes—such as the opening one in F, and the March in D minor near the close—are attractive, but by repetition one wearies of them. Then, again, by the side of some excellent orchestral effects one meets with others which are decidedly commonplace, not to say vulgar. Mr. Manns had evidently rehearsed with great care—with greater care, indeed, than the piece deserved. M<sup>me</sup>. de Pachmann played Schumann's pianoforte Concerto in A minor, but her reading of this romantic work was weak. Not only did she fail to catch the spirit of the music, but she dragged the time in all three movements, especially the last. It would seem as though M<sup>me</sup>. de Pachmann had never heard this Concerto played by M<sup>me</sup>. Schumann. Later in the programme she gave some short solos, and was probably heard to greater advantage. M<sup>me</sup>. Nordica sang well "Isolde's Liebestod" in English, but not with sufficient declamatory power. The programme commenced with a grand Concerto in B flat by Handel, No. 7 of the set of twelve written for strings. It is in Handel's usual fugal style. It wants, however, the *Cembalo* to fill up the middle; as performed, it sounds all top and bottom.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann gave a selection of pieces by Scarlatti at the last Monday popular concert. The beautifully finished and artistic playing of this lady contrasted favourably with some rough and jerky performances heard lately at these concerts. Miss Zimmermann was much applauded, and gave for an encore Mendelssohn's Etude in B flat minor. The programme included Mozart's Quartette in E flat, and Grieg's Sonata in F, for piano and violin. Miss M. Hall was the vocalist.

The principal novelty at Mr. Henschel's third Symphony concert has been noticed above. M<sup>me</sup>. Norman Neruda also played in her most dainty style Spohr's Dramatic Concerto, and was enthusiastically received. The programme contained overtures by Gluck and Beethoven.

DELICIOUS PRESERVE.—The most attractive of all preserves is MORELLA MARMALADE, made from the celebrated Kent Morella Cherry. The stones being extracted, double weight of fruit is given. Sold in 1 lb. pots by grocers, &c. Makers—THOMAS GRANT & SONS, Maidstone, and 46, Gresham-street, E.C.